

ORGAN

ISSUE 74

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THE SOMATICS

Debut Album

"The Somatics"

Released 27th May

includes the single "Lemonade" - out now



Appearing live :
May

4th London, Borderline (with Michael J Sheehy)

17th Leeds, Joseph's Well

18th Hull, The Adelphi

21st Sheffield, The Casbah Club

22nd Manchester, Night & Day

23rd Newcastle, The Arts Centre

28th Nottingham, The Old Vic

31st Derby, Victoria Inn

June

5th Newport, TJs

6th Cardiff, The Barfly

10th Leicester, Lamplighters

11th Winchester, The Railway Inn

12th Brighton, The Freebutt

13th Cambridge, Boat Race

14th London, The Barfly



www.beggars.com

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"Hey Flash, you better get that taillight fixed – it's all about the need to imagineer, that's the word of the day, you've got to imagineer, you must re-vector. This is ORGAN number 74. Organ exists because we need it to, we don't need to justify it, we don't need any rules, it's our organ and we'll do what ever the hell we want to with it. Today Organ exists because there's so much great music (and creative culture that evolves around music) out there to be discovered – we're in a privileged position these days (quite right, we've earned it!), every day good music flows in through our mail box, we feel obliged to share it with you – bands like Deadfood or Sleepytime Gorilla Museum or Guapo or Otep or Coma Kai can't be kept to ourselves, that would just be selfish..... Here's ORGAN 74, go explore, go enjoy, go get involved, go make contact. Music shouldn't be about consuming, it's far more rewarding if you get involved, if you communicate. Curiosity never killed the cat, it just took it to a higher plain. The music out there is better than every, you've just got to make the effort to find it – go grab it, contact and switch the other – enjoy your Organ.

STOP WASTING YOUR TIME ON THE INTERNET - This is ORGAN - if you like this then there's far far more of it, plus daily news, gig information, release details and lots lots more at our very busy website - visit everyday, get free CDs and more.....

www.organart.com

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SHAARI SUE GINSBURG - Reviews Editor & bringer of harmony and organisation where there was previously disorder,

SILVIO MINNEMANN - Order to the chaos of the layout and technical beauty

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PRINT RUN 20,000

PRINTERS: MORTONS

ORGAN ISSUE 74 - MAY/JUNE 2002

**"Negative
energy
just
destroys
the energy
that you
can use to
create
something
else" Otep**

YOUR BUS

London Transport is aware
delays and inadequate service on
Unfortunately we are unab
about the situation at the moment
completely frank, we don't give

As long as we are in contr
and as long as you have to take
(and not what you WANT) - a
as we don't pay a decent wage
you'll have to wait like everyon

ALPHABET
Business Concern
CARDIACS
GREATEST HITS

Vacant Stare
VINDICATION



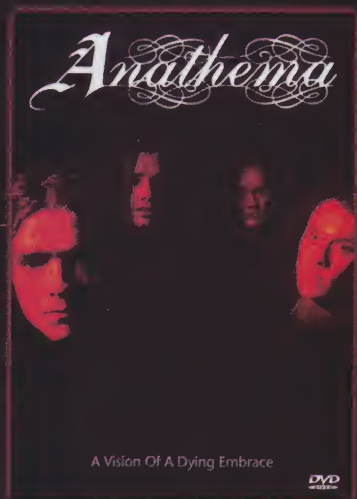
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OUT: 22.04.02



Cat: CDVILE117

The Voice Of The Wretched

My Dying Bride at their live best.
The album was recorded in March 2001,
at the sublime 013 venue in Tilburg Holland.
The show was the pinnacle of Peacefest 2001

OUT: 22.04.02



www.snappermusic.com

THIS ISSUE'S COVER STAR... YOUR HIGHNESS



YOUR HIGHNESS

are lead by Jean, she's on the front cover of this Organ because we MAKE OUR RULES AND we want her to be - her three piece London based band, completed by guitarist, Robin and drummer, Sean, are a complete and utter song machine of a band and we love them lots. They have outrageously infectious songs with the sonic depth of the Pixies, they can rip like Babes In Toyland, they're the band Elastica could have been. Robin is working with So Solid Crew this week, god knows what they'll be doing next week but all you need to concern yourself with right now is that they have bag loads of songs to die for and your only problem will be choosing your favourite.... Time to go get curious, last time I looked her hair was black and they were pulling Kentish Town apart. Off you go now, we're here to point the way.

find out more at www.organart.com

THE SOMATICS

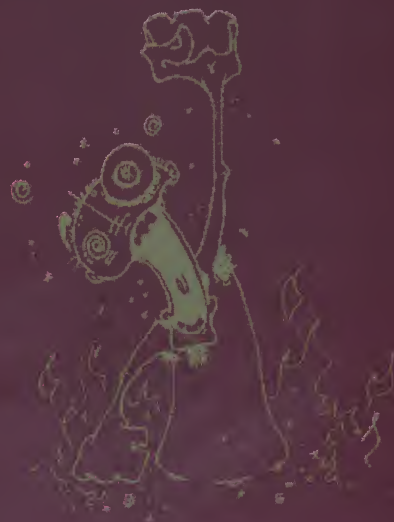
CD single "Lemonade" (Beggars Banquet) - Irresistibly lovely, longing and wistful pop tunes that sparkle like sunlight on puddles. Bittersweet, densely melodic with a psychedelic hint, 'Kill Time' rewards with repeated listenings, hints of little stories, whilst 'Lemonade' itself wraps layers of dancing, often Byrds-like guitar around Richard and Stephanie Green's breezy, happy/sad harmonies. Richard was the guitarist and main writer in Ultrasound, a band who came so close to beauty and promised so much yet ended up falling over its own feet; listening to The Somatics it becomes pretty obvious where the all the good things about Ultrasound came from. Track three of this EP is ten minutes of ambient weirdness with a sinister edge, like the sort of nightmare you might get falling asleep with the Rockford Files on the TV and Throbbing Gristle on the hi-fi. And why not. Even when experimenting there's something rather innocent and playful about the Somatics, yet with hidden depths and emotions that stir the soul. They're a great live three-piece, just Stephanie and Richard and superb drummer Bruce. The freshness of The Somatics - that's what pop needs

OTEP



SEVAS TRA

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Album

www.otepsaves.com

www.desman.org.uk

DESMAN

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ikara colt chat and business

debut album OUT NOW
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"Entirely admirante - brilliant" **NME**

"Intense and exhilarating" **UNCUT**

"Vintage Sonic Youth - thrilling stuff" **Q**

"An impressively tense rock assault" **INDEPENDENT**

"Rock 'n' roll that is fast and furious" **GUARDIAN**

"Hard, sharp, pulse-racing music" **ROCKSOUND**

"A smoking trail of punk thrash" **MIRROR**

"Manic basslines and destructive guitar riffs" **DAILY EXPRESS**

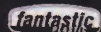
"This could kick start everything, just goddam get it" **ORGAN**

"Cutting-edge sound and fury" **CLASSIC ROCK**



pack shot
album cover

www.ikaracolts.com
www.fantasticplastic.co.uk



"Their music is a drug, you like it, you ingest it, you vomit blood through yer eye sockets"

OK People, we've got no time to hang around, so much to tell you about, so little space, no time for smart arse layout, no time to be clever, so much good music to share with you - let's dive straight in to the reviews

THIS BEAUTIFUL MESS album "FALLING ON DEAF EARS" (Deep Elm) - Holland's This Beautiful Mess list their influences as The Flaming Lips, Last Days Of April and Sunny Day Real Estate, and elements of each of these can be seen on this quiet, intricate and lyrically driven album. The first song, "Black is the new red" sets the scene for a slow and introverted recording, layering tune on top of tune. "Soundtrack of my life" is a slow, billowing sound-scape and "Kill" has a heartbeat all of its own. As an album, "Falling on Deaf Ears" is very detailed and clear-cut in its production and varies through textures, as well as using some unfamiliar instruments and a string machine. The vocals throughout are sung spot on, a mix of quiet melodies and angsty/ emotional strains. The record's ultimately spiritual message isn't really overt but by the time you reach "21st Advent Hymn" you'll have got the picture. While this is beautiful and intricate music, the slow pace and the way all the songs blend into each other may leave some listeners arching for something with more oomph.

www.thisbeautifulmess.net or www.deepelm.com (Katherine Vik)

DEADFOOD demo - "Their music is a drug, you like it, you ingest it, you vomit blood through yer eye sockets" so reads the headline of their bio - this is good, violently caustic busts of Japanese style hard/artcore, surf/jazz side-sweeps, weird pointy pronkoid insanity - they sing of narcissism, cynicism, atheism and some other isms too. It's surf punk Zappa with strange squelching keyboards - the catchy melodies are there, it just so happens that the tonal sequences are stabbing at each other while the insect mantras bite and the hee-haw shenanigans joust with classical wizardry and the Ruins tantrums and YES YES YES!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Apparently they've received quite a lot of hate mail in response to their aural torture - it's understandable, this is glorious even if does have me wondering if the CD player is functioning properly. Apparently they're currently working on a Beastie Boys compilation and some cartoon-videos (go check their website!). God help us, this is totally utterly insane, don't fall asleep or they'll mutilate your dog fashion disco songs. It's a pronk rock trainwreck, a multihued traffic accident, it would scare the pants off Mr Bungle (apparently these Deadfood people are also involved in a thrash metal band called the Foetus Eaters). This is glorious erratica, this totally utterly rules more than anything else we may have told you total utterly rules. Imagine a monster, six feet tall, dancing on your feet and kissing your forehead. One of the tracks here was called Colostomy Grab Bag. Send them lust letters in response to their aural delights right now, how anyone could possibly hate this I do not know - you need this and so does your neighbourhood.... www.deadfood.com Deadfood, PO Box 6488, Burbank, CA 91510-6488, USA

TAKING BACK SUNDAY album "Tell All Your Friends" (Victory) - I guess you really could call this emotionalcore - this is uplifting refreshing clever emo-style positive anthemic punk rock - but don't go getting the idea that it's all nice and candy ass now, they have plenty of energetic bite in their driving on their sound. A band with an uplifting positive American punk rock style and just that little extra. Recommended. www.victoryrecords.com or www.takingbacksunday.com - copies available here in the UK via www.plastichead.com

SAMMO HUNG single "Random Sob" (Boobytrap) At last, we wondered where they had gone after that glorious demo - punk rock from Cardiff - think Slits meet Slint - think angular, spiky, shouty girl cool, acrobatic grrrrr punk-pop, think whatever the hell you want - we like Sammo Hung, you'll like Sammo Hung, go find it/them/this - www.boobytrap.net or Boobytrap, PO Box 632, Cardiff, CF10 4WJ

ZERO CYPHER single "Last September" (45rpm) Abrasive crossover metal from a band who are really starting to attract a little bit of attention. This self-financed debut single represents another few healthy steps forward with its vicious deck manipulation, shouty vocals and quiet/loud bits that all nu-metal bands must have in their armoury. Tunelessly melodic bits joust with shouty violent barbed bits as people crash, yell, scream and mosh around the cutting riffs, the hip-hop scratches and the film samples. Zero Cypher are going to all the places bands like Deftones/Vacant Stare/Korn/Stoopi have already been but they're starting to do it with a bit of raw style now, they're starting to stand out from the crowd and jump ahead of the emerging pack. www.zerocypher.com

ENON album "High Society" (Touch And Go) One time Brainiac freakout noise maker John Schmersal with what was originally a post-Brainiac solo project. Enon have now evolved in to a band that revolve around sassy catchy alternative pop songs. Songs that are fuelled with unobtrusive cut ups and samples and studio textures yet very much remain as songs. Toko Yasuda, one time Blonde Redhead is now part of Enon - sometimes taking lead vocals and adding a different flavour with her delicate voice. Matt Schultz makes up the three piece. They marry their use of samples, synths and technology to their alt. American sound well - hints of Van Bran 3000, Pavement, Shellac - fine stuff, fine songs. More info from www.southern.net/southern/band/ENONj

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LEGENDARY IDIOT FLESH

nils frykdahl of Idiot Flesh



Once upon a time in a big ugly building famous for bad living and rock, there lived a band. They acted like crazy people (because the world is a crazy place), but they were growing tired of bad living and rock. They were burning with something or other, but they had nothing to say. So they went downtown.

On the way they met a small man who asked where they were going, and they answered, "The sky is falling and we must go and tell the king."

"Silly band," said the man, "Surely you mean the thing is stalling and you must go and kill the sty."

"Huh?", said the band, being young and not as clever as some.

"Nevermind. Let's go downtown," replied the man, and he proceeded to tell them the good news about the John Kane Society and their efforts to

destroy rock music.

"Is that best?" they asked. "Yes," he said, "and our weapon must also be rock: Rock Against Rock!" "That sounds pretty cool," they agreed. "Yes...hmn...you can be called Idiot Flesh now." "Oh...uh...", they replied uncertainly, but after some coffee they agreed that all was for the best. "OK. Let's go." And there was kindled within them a glorious fire of hatred for rock and it filled their mouths with words and their eyes leaked something or other.

They left downtown making songs and pamphlets and signs and giant heads and inflating suits and puppets and doing all manner of things such that nothing might be left undone. Their stage show swelled to often alarming proportions as the Rock Against Rock Coalition expanded to include a revolving circus of performers such as the now legendary Baby Fatty, Bunny Man, and the vaudeville troupe Ruckus. Their splatter-puppet show brought unprecedented violence to the miniature stage, bringing at least one youngster to tears but amusing the mature.

"You must go somewhere else now," said the small man. "OK...uh...sir. We will," said the Idiots. And so, having moved from the East Bay underground to SF's corporate nightclubs, they aquired the Stealth Bus necessary to sneak their travelling parade of light into the darkest corners of the nation...

Idiot Flesh lasted a decade; just as the rest of the world began to grow ready for such an outfit they were no more. A band as extraordinary as this is not going to go quietly: the fragments have re-coalesced like an indestructible slime mould around the core members: frontman/multi-instrumentalist Nils

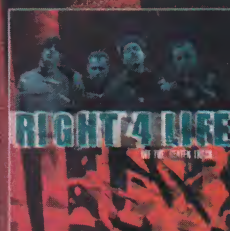
Frykdahl and fellow founder member Dan Rathbun (mega-bass), with a line-up of Carla Kihlstedt on violin/vocals, Frank Grau (ex-Species Being) on drums and Moe! Staiano on an assemblage of recycled percussion that includes a circular saw blade. This is the Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, and now the world is ready. They've brought with them the mythology of the Sleepytime Gorilla Press, pre-war publishers of the works of John Kane, the band's invented mathematician/chemist guru (alleged founder of the "Wrong Way" theories of "Black Math", such as $1+1=0$). Two stunning downloads - excerpts from the album 'Grand Opening And Closing' - have been passed around like candy across the internet, recommended over and over again on Zappa, Mr Bungle, Cardiacs, Tool, Residents, prog, Zeuhl and metal forums. The "Sleep Is Wrong" Mp3 is an instant classic, a heavy, complex, exhilarating thunder with a core influence of the Art Bears and Thinking Plague, as much danse macabre as evil circus, an exhortation to rage against the dying of the light. Their stage show has legendary status. They've played gigs with Fred Frith and Chris Cutler and are currently on a three month tour of the US - check out their website or Organart.com for details, if you're a stateside Organ reader and they're in your area DO NOT MISS...

www.sleepytimegorillamuseum.com www.chaosophyrecords.com
Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, 915 Cole Street, PMB 307, San Francisco, CA 94117, USA



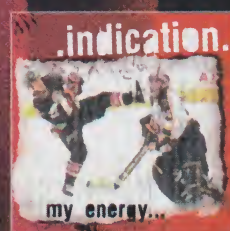
Plate 97 1919 Ward C. Parnie
The Adversary Opens the Book

the age of venus records



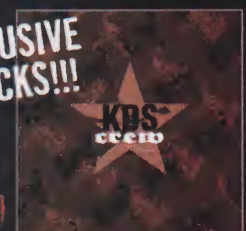
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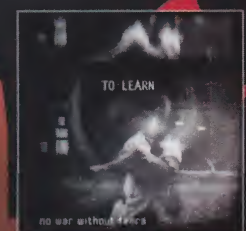
INDICATION CD/10
"My energy... is my dedication"

"Effortlessly melding breakneck speed with what breakdowns... as far as old school goes, these guys are somewhere near top of the class..." - Ian G. Terrorizer Mag



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PRO-VOR

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One of the best albums I have heard in the last five years. - John Peel, Radio 1

They've got a talent rock group, a former acid, Kyuss meets with the Black Sabbath and Sabbath at the same time. - 4/5

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nighty tom RECORDS
www.nightytom.co.uk

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DUFUS

- YOU HEARD THEM ON THE ORGAN RADIO 19 COMPILATION, YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS THING A CALLED ANTI-FOLK. YOU NEED TO BE CURIOUS ABOUT DUFUS, THEY'VE HANDED THEIR RESUME OUT TO THE DEVIL, THEY'RE HAVING A PARTY AND THEY'RE HAPPY TO INVITE YOU

We first found out about this strange band/collective from New York called Dufus via the WE Fest people in Willmington - word spreads around the underground when there's something good out there. Seth from Dufus started sending us CDs and they we're like nothing we'd heard before - maybe the New York Sack Trick, maybe an insane Pronkoid Beck for Zappa heads - Dufus seem to be a collective of creators, actors, clowns, musicians - people like Mouldy peaches are involved, people are talking about this Anti-Folk scene... look, just be curious, this is good, this is different, here's some questions I just threw at Seth Quankmeyer

So Seth, we need to start at the very start because over here in the UK all most people will know is that there's a damn fine track on the ORGAN RADIO 19 compilation album, there's this thing called Anti-Folk that we hear is going on in New York and pretty much everything else is a mystery, So bearing all this in mind, who or what or where are Dufus?

Dufus is a freak collective made to open minds to new and exciting ways through existence, hopefully a part of the new experience we all seem to be gaining together as a collective.

What is Anti Folk and is there a N.Y underground or are The Strokes really the best your city has to offer?

Anti folk is many things to a bunch of different people. I make the music I make, others make different music. there is no definition for the truly new, so strange words get thrown on to define it. honestly, I don't think antifolk exists, but nor do I believe jazz exists or hip hop or classic rock. I try only to hear the sounds. I never heard of The Strokes being underground, were they ever underground?

Tell us about the complete and absolute disassemblment of whatever you need to take apart

The complete and absolute disassemblment of reality is a joke I believe in, a religion of deletion but more a thought process toward an evolutionary reality. Maybe laws of science never existed before the scientists invented them, perhaps these are steps in evolving reality. Perhaps the world was flat until we figured out a way that it could be round and it became so. The reality only stretches as far as all the minds are capable of allowing. Imagination is helpful in this, thus my advocacy for the arts. that's as deep into it I care to go until I know you're really interested.

Non-church?

It's not a church, in fact, it is a personal religion and I would think others to be fools if they followed it. I do think we can learn from each other, even about spirit search, but do not believe one should follow any path but ones own.

There's an album coming out - what have people over here in the UK missed already

The UK has missed the development of it. We have put out about 4 other albums under the name Dufus. there have probably been at least 70 or 80 different members in the band and fun wearing underwear (a piece of musical theatre I wrote). The new album has attempted to show a bunch of what has been happening with Dufus in our underground caves over the past few years, and we have managed to get about 60 of the previous and present members to perform in one way or another throughout the album. Lots of stuff has happened, believe me - crazy crazy shows, insane group psychic experiences, dumb idiot clown movements, beauty.

Should Frank Zappa have actually run for president of the USA and what difference would it have made?

There is no president of the USA. It's a rich boy's club. Frank Zappa could have done some wonderful things, so could have a number of people; he stayed pretty true to what he believed in though, through the thick of it all, and I guess that's what a politician should have to do too, stay true, but it's hard to do, I'm sure.

What is Freedom? You posted quite a lot on the web on and around September 11th how do you feel now?

Freedom is to do what you want whatever that means to each person individually. September 11 made some crazy waves through the systems we exist within. a lot of us woke up, myself included. Then a lot of people fell right back to sleep, a lot of them were sleeping through the whole thing. I don't know who is to blame. I am suspicious of anyone I don't know who makes rules for me, it makes sense that I should feel so. It's strange the whole path of events which led up to the happening we speak of. I think war is stupid and there is a lot of how I feel contained on this new record..

Ok Seth, before I melt away and end this brief computer, what do you need to tell us?

I need to tell you, that I like your questions. I need to tell anyone who is reading this to support new things, anything that doesn't sound like something you know, that's the stuff to listen to. Learn new stuff every day. Seth

www.dufus.tv

50 CALIBER mini album "Internal Bleeding" (Blackfish) - Boiling festering nasty blistering aggressive extreme metal flavoured Hardcore from East London. They've been developing their reputation for extreme brutal music on the hardcore circuit for the last couple of years now and while they're not delivering anything radically different they do their chosen thing well. An intense brutal blitzkrieg of hardcore noise. £5/\$10 direct from Blackfish, PO Box 15, Ledbury, HR8 1YG. www.blackfishrecords.com

OBSESSIVE COMPULSIVE

demo "Crash" - Refined introspective dark glammy pop rock. Their letter came packed with glitter hearts and colourful badges and stickers. Their music is impressively classy - if it fits anywhere then they're a refined energetic girl fronted pop fuelled Manics - recent restrained Manics rather than early punky Manics - Placebo meets Shakespeare's Sister or Alicia's Attic with a healthy amount of Remote Control or Rachel Stamp or Angel Cage or Your Highness. We like this, we like pop when it's this good. The demo is extremely well recorded, someone should release it - fine pop metal and songs about car crashes that should be all over Saturday morning TV/daytime radio. Hey look, excellent songs, strong imagery, hooks, Kelli a voice to die for. They're from Manchester. They've got a good website that will tell you lots more (and if it's up to date they're looking for a couple of band members to complete the live line up - seems they're using mates from other bands right now Kelli and Lee are stars - go get involved). They're an unashamed pop band, they should be all over Smash Hits and Saturday Morning TV (alongside Ciccone), it's the genuine article not some manufactured soulless marketing exercise - the Pop Idol antidote. Obsessive Compulsive, PO Box 175, Manchester, M25 0XX e.mail oc_mania@hotmail.com web: www.obsessive-compulsive.com

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SIKTH/ACONITE THRILL - Live: K.B.Y @ Camden Monarch - Straight outta Harpenden come this 6-piece hyper-kinetic challenge to Lost Prophets. A band who are already too big for this venue, and surely destined for far greater stages very soon. Taking the versatile dynamics of the original crossover-metal hybrid and pretty much reinventing them from source, Aconite Thrill are a hardcore band indulging themselves in hip-hop and scratchy funk; a band who can switch between irresistible pop hooks and raging punk without thinking, and do so with great style and passion. It is this combination of energising intensity and perfect melodic sensibility that make Aconite Thrill such a... well... thrilling proposition, fronted by an evangelical vocalist and trying their damndest to destroy this cramped stage by charging around it and into each other. A young band with such obvious and effusive potential is rare. You WILL be hearing much more from them.

This is Sikh's first London headline show, not before time, and even when not at their absolute best, they are still one of the most amazing live bands in the capital. Truly it is the sound of hell unleashed, the dark and discordant barrage of Converge, augmented by the schizophrenic vocal stylings of maybe Incubus or Deftones. They stalk on under the cover of pulsing, reverberating feedback and immediately launch themselves into an elusive, shredding groove with all their beings. There is an intense craziness to the music almost to the point where they are indeed the 'heavy-metal Cardiacs', their apparently chaotic arrangements belying a depth of guitar tone and ability to introduce atmospheric contrast as well as destroy everything in their path. The dual vocals, by turn melodic, garbled, screamed and guttural, with the chiming jazz-influenced guitar picking, adds another dimension to the relentless carnage. 'Hold My Finger' may be the most accessible, but the rest of their half-hour set is just as energising and equally satisfying. Major national recognition is surely there for the taking, and with a new CD out next month, Sikh can soon have the UK metal scene at their mercy. After that, who knows...? (Steve Gibbs)

ALBUMS....

CLEATUS mini album "Snatching Defeat From The Jaws Of Victory" (Firefly) - I really like these harmonies and vocal rounds that Cleatus have going. It's furiously good energetic emcore punk rock with an edge. They never really grabbed us before, but now they've matured, they've refocused, so if those tracks on various compilations didn't impress you forget about it and take fresh look, this is good... www.cleatus.co.uk www.fireflyrecordings.com

MOUNTAIN MEN ANONYMOUS - "Mountain Men Anonymous" (Cytheria) Their lo-fi instrumental left of field echoing space rock seems to lack a little dimension this time around, they're lacking that dynamic - maybe it's because their rather reflective texture lacks variety and it all starts to sound the same after a while and you could do with just a little variety rather than constantly echoing guitar that rebounds off walls. It's vaguely in the same sphere as Godspeed You Black Emperor, only not quite so good and starting to be a little predictable. www.mountainmenanonymous.freemove.co.uk

G.G.F.H album "The Very Beast Of - Volume One" (Peaceville) - A collection of their sick and sinister ghostly industrial hedonistic cut up channel flicking manipulation. Global Genocide Forget Heaven were always just a little more warped with their religion and their drug induced perversions - they'd scare the hell out of Cartoons like Marilyn Manson and at long last you can get something on CD - serial killer samples, Prodigy beats, experimental cut up sample manipulating headfuckers - a real reflection, a product of America.... the real thing. www.ggfh.com

GORILLA album "Gorilla" (Lunasound) - None more retro, a classic power trio - think MC5, Grand Funk Railroad, Blue Cheer, Iron Butterfly - yeah, it sounds like classic overdriven Orange amps and 1972 in all it's analogue glory - far too retro to be mere stoner rock, they're a mean Man/Humble Pie smouldering rumble of a band - classic stuff. www.gorilla-world.com www.lunasoundrecording.com

KIDS NEAR WATER mini-album "There Is No I In Team" (Firefly) - I've just slapped the new Kids Near Water CD on my stereo and suddenly everything is all right again. It really is refreshing when a band from the UK produces something that not only matches their American counterparts, but betters them. Exeter's finest wear their influences on their sleeves (see Quicksand for reference) but take nothing away from the swirling melodies mixed with distorted guitar parts that make Kids Near Water's sound their own. 'This Machine Kills' is a shouty, intent opener whilst 'Distance Over Time' shares the energy and mature songwriting of fellow rising stars Hundred Reasons. Couple this with already notable live performances around the country and it is a safe bet that 2002 is going to see Kids Near Water elevate themselves from contenders to big league players.

www.kidsnearwater.com www.fireflyrecordings.com (Tom Brunson)

THE VENUS FLY TRAP album "Anthology Of Food" (SPV) - A retrospective spanning the ten years from 1989 to 99 pulled together from the cult English band's collection of five studio albums and featuring hard to find deleted single tracks and alternative versions of their left field goth moves. Never as obvious as The Missions of this world, Venus Fly Trap deal out swirling machine driving swirling black psychedelia - it's a sound that firmly rooted in the alternative sounds and the machine driven goth of the 80's. More details from PO Box 210, Northampton, NN2 6AU. www.spiralarchive.com

AS FRIENDS RUST album "Eleven Songs" (Golf) - A blasting collection of songs that would be fine first songs on any tape you made for her or indeed him - aggressively confrontational punk for these more emotional times, like a molotov cocktail on the corner of 8th and 3rd - Molotov cocktail, that's what you get. A world beyond the prime time beehive, a call to arms. A fine collection of aggressive emotional hardcore that bites right down in a Dag Nasty fashion, three hard to find EPs collected together on one album. Eleven songs, what more do you want. As Friends Rust, 116NW 13th St. # 154, Gainesville, FL 32607, USA. www.golfrecords.co.uk or www.doghouserecords.com

VIKING CROWN album "Banished Rhythmic Hate" (Season Of Mist) This sounds like it was recorded in a cardboard box on a worn out tape recorder with filthy dirty heads, the quality is atrocious - somewhere within the mud there is some kind of almost primitive gutless, dumb death metal - its the sound of faking, the smell of bullshit. If this was some penniless set of creators fighting for their art then we could maybe forgive their lo-fi mess and search beyond - fact is that Phil Anselmo, moneyed up front man with money making outfit Pantera is also part of Viking Crown so there's no excuse for this hideous sound, frankly, it's a rip-off, self indulgent bullshit, half finished outtakes and when you reach beyond the bad quality then the music is tedious - if they'd capture some never to be repeated amazing vibe here than the recording quality wouldn't be a problem - they haven't. The product of people who don't have the guts to take on the extremes and so opt for the cliché. Total bollocks. www.season-of-mist.com

RED LIGHTS FLASH album "And Time Goes By" (Household Name) - Red Lights Flash are Household Name Record's latest international signings from Austria who produce solid, fast and angry European hardcore (and manage to sing in perfect English too!). Each track is a short stab of fire through music, sounding like Minor Threat if they had been brought up in the 1990's in a country famous primarily for producing Wolfgang Mozart and Adolf Hitler. But there are splashes of melody in each track, making it obvious that we have a band on our hands that are willing to push those boundaries a little further to achieve an uncompromising noise without relying on making an unholy racket. (Tom Brunson)



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CHURCH OF CONFIDENCE album "Teaching The Children The Blues" (People Like You...) What you have here is another street walking cheetah with a handful of napalm type garage punk rock 'n roll band. This one has been roaring like sonic boom boys out of Berlin since 1995. Another one of those bands who are easily as good as The Hives and that other lot... more like the Yo-Yo's than anything and the Yo-Yo's aren't around right now so here you are. grab a slice of this righteous punk rock 'n roll. www.peoplelikeyou.de - UK: contact www.centurymedia.net

WWW.SCARLETSOHO.COM

MORE ALBUMS.....

GRAHAM CONNAH/JETTISON SLINKY/SOUR NOTE

SEVEN - triple album boxed set "Because Of Wayne/The Only Song We Know" (Evander music) - Strictly speaking, it's an album and a double from two different line-ups centred around San Francisco-based composer Graham Connah... and crikey, what a bargain - glistening fresh and intricate, giving avant jazz rock a good name, every track a delight, and lovingly packaged in - oh joy - a hand-paintsplattered little box, no doubt with the musicians' fingerprints invisibly all over it. Like the music, crafted yet unpretentious, just plain right. Actually, forget the words avant and jazz, because they've been misused far too much... if you already know how good such things can be, take it from me - you want this album, why Connah is not already in every prog fusion head's collection is beyond me. If the word jazz leaves you cold: well, every genre decays into conservatism the longer it's around, with the crap floating to the mainstream top, and the trick is to sniff out the free and genuine, the music that is created out of the deepest urges of being alive (that goes for death metal too...) made by the earliest artists or a generation that absorbs it and makes it their own. So for Jettison Slinky, (disc 2 and 3) lets ditch the labels, think stranded aliens attempting easy lounge grooves that almost immediately veer off on abnormal tangents, a magical skewed world, more like a very tight early Gong than Zappa, National Health with a good deal more vim and volume. For those who know, very much like the fantastically obscure Zag and the Coloured Beads or Pekka Pojohla but kind of danceable even in the odd meters and the psychedelic bits... but, I'm beginning to suspect, far better... sunny day driving music for people who get bored by sunny day driving music... aww, listen to that tounge-in-cheek softcore analogue solo, what a tune.. now I'm enjoying this too much to review it properly...

The Sour Note Seven are simultaneously more jazz in sound and more abrasive, recorded live at Bruno's ("a swanky joint in SF, known for some adventurous music and thick steak"). Apparently, your usual jazz aficionados tend to be rather thrown by the Sour Note Seven's raw indie edge whilst being too overawed by the musicianship to complain... with Trevor Dunn from Fantomas and Mr Bungle on bass they're getting off lightly. Obviously not as easy as the Jefferson Slinky studio work, but once again full of great tunes and atmospheres, not to mention compositional intricacies, and darkly sensitive passages. And the odd gratuitous Moog squidgefest... You can get the box set from Evander music <http://www.evandermusic.com>, contact: Evander Music, PO Box 22158, Oakland, C.A. 94623-9991 USA, and its on the marvellous <http://www.clamazon.com> site for \$14. There are plenty of downloads of various Jettison Slinky tracks at evandermusic.com, both full and samples.

THE DIRTMITTS album "The Dirmitts" (Sonic Unyon) - Happy

Breezy fluffy Breeders/Modest Mouse/Jale grrrl powered pop with just enough of a sassy alternative edge and scratchiness within those delicious harmonies - infectious songs that you can't help but enjoy. They're from Vancouver Canada, do check them out, they'll make you happy.. Sonic Union, PO Box 57347, Jackson Station, Hamilton, ON, Canada. www.sonicunyon.com

SOIL album "Scars" (Sony) More over-glossy angsted-up mechanical-

crunch metal - do these people ever ever get any dirt under their fingernails? They have all the moves, but hey, you can see them a mile off, you've got plenty of time to duck and punch them back, no contest, you'd take them out in round one, you'd have them on the canvas before their marketing person and their stylist can catch them. Yeah they've got some nice riffs, they're not actually doing anything wrong..... Identity? You don't need one these days, not in the big product shifting world of corporate metal, Kerrang's sales figures are up again - the metal business is good - Soil could be anyone of a hundred American big budget corporate Oz Fest bands - it's all very choreographed and worked out, it's all very very WWF - they do nothing wrong, but they do nothing right either - they've got no X factor, they've got no face, they've got no soul, no personality - they've got nothing musically you haven't got in your collection already with your last Nineinchademarkarilynkornfactory CD in the big glossy packaging - the digipak DVD will be out next week and don't forget the \$25 t-shirt.

EVERGREY album "In Search Of Truth" (Inside Out) A full blown concept

album from the Queensryche/Dream Theater/King Diamond flavoured progressive metal outfit from Sweden - it's a rich tapestry of moody power metal, textured keyboards, classical stabs, restrained interludes, fluid, almost dramatic neo-prog interludes. Intelligent progressive metal/classic rock, they do it well, far better than most should you want that kind of thing. www.insideout.de

DORCHESTER HOTEL VESUS THE POVERTY TRANCE

(a drinking-type review)

Take a trip outside your ordinary reality once in a while, it's good for you.

The Bar at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane W1 is as far from my personal "everyday" as it's possible to get: a hotel so elegant it's not actually got a street number - just "Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane" in the 'phone book. It's not listed in the Talking Pages type services, and doesn't seem to really tout for trade. I guess when you've got Royces, Mercs and Bentleys spilling out into the road, you don't need to hustle...

Price-wise, it's a whole new ball game: drinks start at a fiver for a bottle of beer, vodka and orange a tenner, and the wine list: well, the sky's the limit.

I've been around half a dozen times now, every time I get stuck in a rut, and I want to share a little of what the place means to me.

Liberace's mirror & crystal encrusted piano stands resplendent at one end of the room, and there's a weird decor of rather frowzy blue and white picture tiles, dirty-looking nets and some sort of teak-y wood: in fact looking past the shiny chandeliers and mirrors, the poshest hotel in London displays all the decorative taste of a transport caff - but never mind that, just five minutes in there and you soak up enough ambient class to out-snob the Queen. Fellow punters are a mixed lot - oddly dressed to a man, you get American tourists (even now) in crisp new jeans and primary coloured anoraks next to fifty-something women in elegant evening dress (at three PM) flashing grey afternoon daylight from their diamonds, sitting with their tuxedoed partners, while in a corner there's usually a businessman doing deals on his mobile (despite the menu's polite request to switch 'phones off). I guess when you're that rich, no-one's going to tell you to shut up...

These are not people you'd see outside this environment, in the nicest possible way it's like a visit to a zoo.

Little trays of nibbles are free, though rather yucky, and when on my most recent visit my companion and I ordered a bottle of red wine (at £38 the second cheapest, bloody nice though) we got complementary crudités, and breadsticks. The service is just slightly less excellent than you'd expect, although unfailingly polite and so very unobtrusive you're wrecked for life everywhere else, because there's just no way a student serving in a Caffè Uno can match this level of professionalism.

Although I spend much of my time scratching around for a few quid to put in the gas meter, I consider splashing out at the Dorchester every few months to be a totally liberating and inspiring experience, because it's so easy to get into what Michael Moorcock called the "poverty trance", where sheer lack of cash sets you thinking there are other, more subtle (but also more permanent) boundaries to what you can expect from life. By doing something as outrageous as getting poshed up then pissed in a five-star hotel, I'm sticking two fingers up to my personal bugbears of a single-parent (read, skint) upbringing, nights spent sleeping in doorways and on station platforms (Victoria Station will forever be my second home) plus years on the dole - right now I work part-time in a nightclub, which let's just say is not financially great.

It's not an "if you can't beat them, join them" thing, rather a subtle theft of power from the places we all think aren't quite "for" us (don't tell me you didn't think "?!?" when you read the subject line), it's as though I'm stamping that degree of confidence and security normally only belonging to the very wealthy into my own private make-up. And I don't have to sell my soul to get it...

Or, try the DIY version: drink a can of Special Brew, go to the hotel's rather nice website, and spin the Quicktime viewer round really fast - pretty much like the real thing!

I'm going to continue to go where I don't belong, and just for the sheer heck of it I'd recommend the same to anyone who fancies a daytrip to another world. Don't forget to wear your gladrags. The Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, LONDON W1A 2HJ www.dorchesterhotel.com Shanti 941

IRONIA "A Granite Scale" - A self released album from a band who sound like a low budget yet rather clever late 70's Rush/Max Webster - decent enough if you like hard rock with progressive tendencies. Rather let down by a flat lifeless production and an abysmal drum sound that kind of kills it all - maybe if a label was to give them the budget to do it properly? Contact PO Box 167, Ironia, NJ 07845, USA web: <http://ironia.net> e.mail: delonas@ironia.net

ZEN BASEBALLBAT album "I Am The Champion

Concrete Mixer" (Moonska Europe) - Ska-ed up oldschool punk-free infectious jumping bean ska bendyness that mixes the daze of Poisoned Electrick Head and Wizards Of Twidly with a King Prawn /Liberators/Toasters outlook on life. www.moonskaeurope.com

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THE CANDIES - album "Leaving Our Homes" (Turn/Ee:lettro) - Scratchy post rock that appears, at first glance to be a rather messy thing - closer examination reveals some kind chaotically clever post Hardcore/post math/post rock order and as you explore, some delicate melancholic restraint. They're from Milan and they hint at things like Trumans Water - actually if I'd read the letter that came with it (Ilan from that ever active band Econoline sent it in, seems they've been doing some gigs together and Ilan was inspired enough to want to spread the word - thanks Ilan) then I would have known there was actually a collaboration with Trumans Water as well as Calixico. The Candies deal well with the extremes, the quietness of La Bradford, the glorious noise of early Huge Baby and all points in between, that go to all the places post rock needs to go to and they do it very very well - this is indeed a fine album, the only real problem is, they have no real identity, they're do the post rock thing very well but they sound like so many other sometimes beautiful things without really adding a finger print of their own - it's all rather faceless - still, very enjoyable very fine album, there's a good melodic core - all; they need is a personality to pull it all through. Contact Europe: Ee:lettro, Via Poma 6, 21052, Busto Arsizio (VA), Italy. www.eelettro.it Contact North America: Turn Records, PO Box 784, Santa Clara, CA 95052, USA www.turnrecords.com

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES album "Awfully Quiet" (Moonska) - You can't beat a good live punked up riff heavy skankin' horny Ska band. Over the colourful life time of Organ we've taken in loads of them and pretty much everytime found ourselves bouncing around wildly with shit eating grins on our happy happy faces - without much of a doubt the best Ska show we ever caught was a mid 90's encounter with the Bosstones down at the Camden Underworld back when a decent ska show was a relative rarity in the capital city and just before the Mighty Mighty ones broke big with their Motorhead meets Madness sound - that gig had a real sense of occasion, it was a real highpoint - I tell you this because here at the end of 2001 with a million Less Than Jakes coming at you with great bands like Jesse James, Capdown, King Prawn and Lightyear out there making it a strange week when you don't actually catch a live Ska band - all that along with all the Buck O'nines and Mad Caddies and.... well the punk/ska playground is a rather overcrowded place these days and this Best Of collection of the early years sounds just a little flat. Yeap, they may have been highly influential, and the musical map not quite be the same without then essential ground breaking things like "Devil's Night Out", "Where d'ya go" and "Skacore, The Devil And More" but this collection of tracks from the late 80's/early 90's is sounding a little ordinary and rather unremarkable now. I'd walk a million miles to see them live though..... Moon Ska Europe, PO Box 184, Ashford, Kent, TN24 0ZS.

VOICE OF A GENERATION mini album "Oddville Preservers" (People Like You) - It's your hate on which we feed...ah yes indeed, a band named after a Blitz song - Voice Of A Generation are back with a new line up and launching a counter attack. We're talking streetwise Oi flavoured old school punk rock, we're talking a one off mini album of covers and unreleased things for the legendary I Used To Fuck People Like You In Prison records - and they had to open up with Antiseen's "People Like You". They roast through Stateviolence/State Control like yappy punk rock dogs discharging away- actually it's a disappointing version of the greatest punk rock song ever (Yeap, State Control just about pushes Blitz and their Voice Of A Generation and the Reject's War On The Terraces in joint second place, hang on though, what about Civilised Society? Hey, this is no place for an argument about the greatest punk rock song ever). Violent streetwise punk rock that tastes like The Rejects, The Business, Sham 69 and a hint or two of those Toy Dolls. A rather fine piece of Streetpunk all rounded up with delightfully rebellious version of Johnny Cash's "Kate". www.peoplelikeyou.de - UK: contact www.centurymedia.net

THE HOUSE OF WAX VARIOUS - (The House Of Wax) - A compilation trailer from a new label that was established, according to legend, in Victorian East London in 1888. Vic-Hop - a kind of Hammer House trip hop thing. The House Of Wax, originally to be found in London's East End (exact whereabouts unknown) a meeting place for such as H.G Wells, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Edgar Allen Poe and even, so some say, Jack The Ripper himself - a meeting house where nights were spent (and many lost) in Absinthe fuelled debate.... House Of Wax 2002 is a neo-Victorian melting pot of seedy beats, leftfield mellow dark London techno, Sherlock Holmes and Sweeney Todd, various Freemasons - there's going to be a robbery, a bit of skulduggery.... Hammer House soundtracks, samples from Klaus Vinski, Romero - a sense of theatrical flare, a London fog, a break driven homage to Victoriana - You've got choice cuts from Morlock, Couch Nation (Lowfinger's darker side), I Monster (and their Moogathons), Dollboy and more - a break beat trip-hop thing inspired by London's dark underbelly, the Hammer Horror of the 60's, the Italian Zombie flicks of the 70's, the porn soundtracks and chiming bells of old London Town.... different, dark and challenging, a London post trip-hip vic-hop thing. www.houseofwax.com

DIRTY DISHES VARIOUS (Honest Don's) - The seminal emo-punk band Jawbreaker once wrote (with more than a hint of irony) the line, "You're not punk and I'm telling everyone" Although of the sixteen bands on the latest in a long line of Honest Don's compilations, only Citizen Fish and Dogpiss can be truly be labelled punk, it doesn't stop the rest from doing a solid job within their particular genre. Most of the groups on here may have backed themselves into the 'melodic punk' corner but they still manage to not come across as Pennywise sound-alikes. Nerf Herder's professional offerings demonstrate why their name should be locked away and noted, Inspection 12 would comfortably slot in as support at a New Found Glory concert and Diesel Boy's melodic outpourings are reminiscent of the Ataris at their best. Chixdiggit weigh in with a dirty slice of punk 'n' roll, however, it's left to scene stalwarts Citizen Fish to contribute the best track 'Choice Of Viewing', confirming that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Lengthy compilations like this are usually hit and miss but this time it looks like Honest Don may just have hit the bulls-eye. www.honestdons.com (Tom Brunson)

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PORNORPHANS

album "Beyond Good And Evil" (Subversive) - Finland's Pornorphans are part of that Love Metal revolution that HIM were talking about. They fit right in there with their silky darkwave metal that's laced with demanding, consuming, lust and the occasional twist of spite. Imagine a far more sinister, slightly disturbing, Kate Bush fronting a less confrontational Nine Inch Nails and you'll be getting somewhere near the sound of Jytt and her boys - they are very much her boys, she's the one in control with that voice gliding like an ice maiden over their almost gothic, rather erotic anthems. No mere backing band though, there's some clever construction, some moody song building - there's layers to be pulled back. The problem, if there was one, back when they first emerged was that they had one song called "Razorblade" - in truth it stood out miles ahead of the rest of their material, I'm pleasantly surprised to tell you that it's the weakest track on this consistently strong album. You want a band who sound like female fronted HIM, you want a singer who'd disturb Marilyn Mason's best nightmares, you want lush love metal that drifts, that caresses, that seductively bites to the bone when it needs to (an occasionally with songs like Killer Bitch, kicks hard) then Pornorphans are for you - like we already probably mentioned already in this issue - told you so! (Hey look, we've already nailed our colours to the mast, Pornorphans have already been on several Organ Radio compilations and there's an EP's worth of lush material to be found on Radio 13 but we are slightly surprised at how good this debut album is.)

LIARS ACADEMY album "No News Is Good News" (Equalvision)

- Prolific New York label Equalvision have stumbled across a fine band in Liars Academy. This band oozes professionalism and ability, which is no surprise as it includes ex-members of the acclaimed Strike Anywhere and Cross My Heart. "No News Is Good News" is a mature record by a group of people who can honestly say, "Been there, done that, got the punk-rock T-shirt." Coming over as less experimental than Fugazi and with a cleaner sound than Jets To Brazil, Liars Academy hit the spot on most of the thirteen songs on offer. Although the songs 'Dreams In Technicolour' and 'Sell Me A Minute' are developed and reflective, the band allow their punk roots to seep through occasionally (most notably on 'Quarter Life Crisis') which gives variance and life to the recording. There might not be much chance of the band making it over to these shores any time soon but you could do a lot worse than pick up a copy of this (i.e. Andrew W.K. is a lot, lot worse). www.theliarsacademy.com www.equalvision.com (Tom B)

HIRAMEKA HI-FI

album "Sprezzatura" (Gringo) - Ah, you see,

sometimes it need to be edgy, sometimes you really need to be left wondering if they're going to actually make it to the end with their wonderfully scratchy urgent fractured shouty (but never too shouty) lo-fi punk rock that's built on a legacy of all things K Records/The Fall/Stump. Spiky, pointy, like Homage Freaks, like walking barefoot on pine needles, like dancing on telephone wires. And all the time in amongst their lo-fi pointedness and running for a bus, like scissormen... Shouty shouty, urgently shouty and pointed and like little branches on the trees constantly scratching your face, like birds pecking at you, and people pointing while they do it. The voice shouts about how he's really sorry. It shuffles, it skanks, it's barbed, they're like a running ostrich that refuses to bury their heads in the sand, not your sand, not my sand, not any sand.... and they just distracted a passing person, "Hey, I like this". Sore and sharp and rather bendy and just right... a fine album indeed, they should raise their heads with pride. www.diskant.net/gringo - Gringo, PO Box 3904, Clacton-On-Sea, Essex, CO15 5TF

LIMP album "LIMP" (Honest Dons) - San Francisco Bay Area trio Limp have been on constant tour over the last two years, yet managed to get into the studio to record this, their difficult third album, released three years since the last. Mature, catchy, and upbeat pop songs are the order of the day. The album gets off to a strong start, with the first song, "Oh No" and its catchy little guitar riff that builds up to a strong vocal chorus. There is a big dosage of pop-punk/emo crossover here, and Limp span the boundary between the two, with their appealing riffs, hooks, and steady songwriting. Despite all the touring, there isn't much live energy captured here, though the more aggressive "One To Ten" gets the closest. "Atom Bomb" has a nice ticking start growing into a great pounding rhythm. Other stand out tracks are the very catchy "Therapy" and "Ails" a sing along acoustic ballad. The vocals throughout are a little reminiscent of The Chills or even Saves The Day, with poetic and introspective lyrics about friendship and relationships being decipherable even without the lyric sheet. www.limp.com www.honestdons.com (Katherine Vik)

WITHERING SURFACE "Walking On Phantom Ice" (Copro) - Denmark's Withering Surface deal in extreme metal that manages both to satisfy those who need their earfood to be intensely nihilistically metallic and for those who need something a little more too really stimulate. It's old school real metal that feeds off things like Mercyful Fate and pushes the sound forward with just the right balance of melodic adventure. This is their third album, first for the rapidly evolving UK metal label Copro - nine solid tracks of melodically extreme intense growling pounding metal. www.coprorecords.co.uk
Rules Cats Live By : Bathrooms: Always accompany guests to the bathroom. It is not necessary to do anything. Just sit and stare.

STUDENT RICK album "SOUNDTRACK FOR A GENERATION" (Victory) - "Monday morning and time to get out of bed, work sucks this is the part that I dread" from the outset this teeny pop comes across as a 15 year old's melancholy poetry straight from the bedroom. Victory records, once home to a legion of quality hardcore acts has gone all pop on us. The music is nice enough, well produced, well structured, technically good. But this album lacks the energy of other acts from the emo school such as Hot Water Music or the Get Up Kids, or the innovative twist of bands like The Promise Ring. But the boys are young and earnest. "Falling For You" is a catchy number with interesting vocals "I Wish" is bouncy and has strong and interesting bass and guitar lines. Other than that, "Soundtrack For a Generation" is an album full of songs about lost love and broken hearts, a perfect emo album if it hadn't been done before a million times. The album was recorded and engineered by Bill Stevenson of The Descendents, and does have elements of a Descendents influence. A good band and album, but best left to stew until they find an original take on an old formula. www.studentrick.com www.victoryrecords.com (Katherine Vik)

Rules Cats Live By : Doors: Do not allow any closed doors in any room. To get door open, stand on hind legs and hammer with forepaws. Once door is opened, it is not necessary to use it. After you have ordered an "outside" door opened, stand halfway in and out and think about several things. This is particularly important during very cold weather, rain, snow or mosquito season.

ZAKK WYLDE'S BLACK LABEL SOCIETY album "1919 Eternal" (Spitfire) - Ozzy's sidekick guitarist sounding very late 80's and back to his Ozzy Osbourne band sound - think Ozzy, think Pantera, it probably deserves three Ks if we can be bothered.... says here he composed the ring entrance music for WWF's Stone Cold Steve Austin...we're not impressed with that, now if it Scottie too Hotty or whatever the mad little guy who does The Worm is called...

BRICK BATH album "I Won't Live The Lie" - A scathingly heavy mix of old school Exodus/Testament style thrash/power metal and hint or two of a more modern more brutal hardcore sound. They're from California, they do it well, one for you all out metalheads who have no time for the nu-sounds. Contact JWM 610 Country Club Lane, Suite 90, Escondido, CA 92026, USA e.mail joelspy@cs.com
THE XPLOSIONS album "A Little Way Different" (Amty) - Old school authentic sound of London ska - now take note here, I didn't mention punk or Less Than Jake or any of that stuff - this is real deal undiluted ska/Reggae sound, the original 60's edge. The sounds of Trojan and the early moves of Two Tone.... find out more from www.amty.just.nu or The Xplosions, 70a Acton Lane, London, NW10 8YU.

ANOTHER FEVER HITCH ADVENTURE

Cardiacs, Aylesbury Civic Centre, June 23rd 1989 - What makes a gig memorable? When you've seen a band 70-odd times as I have Cardiacs, individual performances can sometimes become confused, so often the build-up to the gig does it for me. And hitching to gigs brings weird and wonderful adventures- so many, I may write a book...

Now this beauty of a gig is one that always brings a smile to my face. You see, it was a "vibey" time of year, Summer Solstice and such, and unusually we were having an absolute scorcher. Once again I'd found myself in Wiltshire on June 20th, only to have my way to Stonehenge blocked by the Law, so I spent Solstice camped at the foot of Silbury Hill with some old mates from Sheffield, before hitching off into Wales for a day or so. The plan was to meet my girlfriend Annie in Aylesbury around lunchtime on the 23rd, so I left Wales on the 22nd, and as I hitched in the noonday sun on the Wales/ England border near Monmouth, I was baked to a crisp.

That evening I got as far as a campsite in Cassington, Oxfordshire, which had a lovely river running through the middle. I was able to watch trout gliding hither and thither, whilst devouring a plate of sarnies brought to me by a mallet-loaning chap from the caravan next door, and despite my horrific sunburn, all was well with the world.

The next day a trip into nearby Eynsham netted me some aftersun soothing-gel, which when applied liberally turned me a nice shade of blue. When Annie met me in Aylesbury, she later said the first thing she thought was, "He's so dirty!" Closer inspection revealed it was severe sunburn mixed in with gel, but then I'd probably not had a proper wash for one or two days either. Oh dear...

Once at the Civic Centre, we discovered the band had just shown up, so I did my usual trick of helping with the gear in order to secure a place on the guest list, except Cardiacs' mainman Tim Smith told me there wasn't room, then said I looked like a lobster and threatened to slap me. So we had to hide in the building and avoid security (and at some point escape to get food). Once back in the venue (after lunch), we watched from the main hall (Cardiacs were on in a smaller room) as Bill Drake - Cardiacs keyboards - discovered the pipe organ and let rip with some majestic stuff before resorting to playing silly circus music. When security threw him off, Tim Quy (Cardiacs percussion) had a go instead, so security saw him off too. We then sought refuge in the dressing room, and Jon Daniel (tour manager) told us off for eating the band's food.

My mate Richard, from Sheffield, hitched down for the gig, and we were rather unnerved to learn that two skinheads who'd attended the Oxford gig were here too. "They said they were looking for you, Belch," said Jim (Smith, bassist) in his dry way. It was difficult to avoid them too, as they stagedived during the gig. "Uh-oh, veggie alert!" announced Tim as one skinhead prepared to dive. "There he goes. Bye bye!" Tim smiled, as the skinhead fell straight into the arms of security who carted him off. "All I could see was this pair of Doc Marten's going out the door," said Tim afterwards.

And what a pulsating, sweaty gig it was. The temperature outside was high enough, so think what it was like in the seething mass of Cardiacs' Pond. After a spot of post-gig lolling, we all trooped out and had to go through a kitchen to exit the building. It was still rather muggy, so we all helped ourselves to Cornettos out of the fridge, Richard, Annie and I munching ours happily as we marched through Aylesbury Market Square, heroes indeed. We walked right out of town and dosed down by the side of a country lane. Sleeping under the stars is a rare treat on such a beautiful warm night, snuggling up to a lovely young girl; and all after a Cardiacs gig. It doesn't get much better...

PS Whilst writing this, I listened to Cardiacs' splendid album from that time, "On Land and In the Sea", and it fair brought a tear to my eye. Adrian Bell (Belch)

Adrian's excellent book Fever Hitch (reviewed in the last issue of Organ and on line at www.organart.com) is available price £7.95 from all good bookshops or by mail (adding £1.50 p&p) from Juma, 44 Wellington Street, Sheffield S1 4HD. Credit card orders may be faxed on 0114 278 6550. (Cheques payable to Juma) Or £7.95 plus £1.50 p&p can also apply to Adrian Bell, 138 Portway, Stratford, London E15 3QJ cheques payable to Adrian Bell.. Email enquiries can be sent to: m1acey5816@aol.com (for Juma) or directly to Adrian: ba024@gre.ac.uk

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THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MIOCENE

MIOCENE/THE KENNEDY SOUNDTRACK/evil knievel - Live, Highbury Garage, London - Evil K are up first tonight and things have changed, there's a new frontman and the jazzy drummer has gone. Bass monster Shamus and guitarist Alistair are still up there as the heart and soul, so it is very much Evil Knievel - they're now mixing their original stoner groove with a newfound Black Flag/Rollins style aggression, rather than their old Trouble/Skynyrd flavours. Evil Knievel are reinventing themselves, and many people are voicing their disappointment. They're in transition, it's a little awkward until you get used to it and then it suddenly all falls into place - you'll miss the old sound but you'll like the new once you get a little more familiar with it (bit like when Ronnie Dio joined Sabbath - it took a little time to adjust). The Kennedy Soundtrack are frankly not that interesting with their East 17 nu metal flavoured rap and pop that falls between far too many stools, we go down the front and try to get into it, two or three songs later we find ourselves heading back to the bar in an unsatisfied way. Miocene are trying hard to challenge themselves and their audience with their brave Korn meets Portishead/Squarepusher mix. They're nowhere near to pushing it to the excesses of their Cellular Memory EP tonight, though. It's all somewhat unsatisfying - no, it's not working: live, they're not quite ready to leave their nu-metal routes, and their talk of progressive rock/art-metal is stretching it a bit - they're nowhere near that interesting yet in the live arena. What Miocene desperately need to do live right now is either arm themselves with some songs that you can actually hang on to, or have the guts to go right out there in the way they threaten to with their new EP. Really, their experimentation isn't that experimental tonight when compared to the real art rock/nu-prog bands out there. They hold a minute's silence for their lost bong; the Ozrics would have a bong roadie to make sure such catastrophes could never happen - A disappointing night, besides Evil Knievel.

MIOCENE "Cellular Memory EP" (Infernal) - Opens up with some serious Om action and catches you completely off guard - have we put the right CD on? Is this really Miocene? You'd swear you were listening to the new release from some Gong/Ozric Tentacles/Oroonies type Om riffing Festi outfit - warmly throbbing eastern instrumentals that would have gone down rather well at the Pongmasters Ball last week. Until they reach track three, and we get the first hint of vocals, it could be any one of the Better Days/Ozrics family (sounds like a half decent Nodin's Ictus release more than anything actually) And there is Miocene's problem: where they think they're being clever and radically different, they're actually sounding like many bands we've seen and heard at free festivals or the Poodle Lounge at Club Dog warming the place up before the real sounds of The Ullulators or Poisoned Electric Head. It's good to see that Miocene aren't prepared to just stick with the already tired formulas of nu-metal and all the Ozfest style, corporate Kerranged product packaging that goes with it. Now, if they really had the guts to really go right out there like this live then they probably wouldn't have been so disappointing at the Garage the other day: if they could pull all the elements of this EP in alongside their Refining The Theory sound, there could be something really exciting to Miocene - right now it's not quite enough. "The Harpie And The Preacher" is the highlight of the 40 minute 6 track EP, it sounds like the restrained, warm, spontaneous intelligence of King Crimson via Squarepusher or Eat Static, mixed with some glowing cello, clarinet and French horn to take them into serious Ullulators meets Bark Psychosis territory - now this is more like it, this is exposing the real possibilities. This is a very brave release. They finish up with a track called "Why Metal Sucks In 2002" it's almost a very dark, restrained, brooding almost Van Der Graaf instrumental. Actually, this is almost an excellent EP and Miocene are bravely threatening to be revolutionary: now lets see them really go out there with this potentially challenging sound and take their following with them, they could really be a band that makes a difference. The next move is going to be the crucial one, we can't wait..... nice one, a band brave enough to make mistakes.

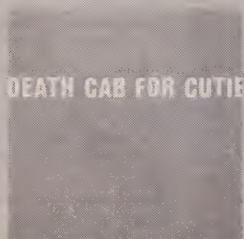
AIRWAVES

album "Infomaniac" (Ignition) - You **NEED** to know that this is where **Psychedelia Smith** have metamorphosed to and that mammoth track that kicked off the Organ Radio 19 album with it's giant Coliseum sample is here opening this here album (so many of you have been asking since we put that out last year). Yeah, they changed their name, they're still kicking out their delicious 60's garage flavoured sampledelia, Norman Cookesque stomp. It's infectious in a Bentley Rhythm Ace way, in an out of mind Alice In Wonderland Pigeon Toed Orangepeel way - raw sampled funk, unique twists, clever songs and obscure prog rock samples mixing it with 70's funk samples, hip-hop samples - decadently infectious cool cool stuff. www.ignitionrecords.co.uk

THE CATHETERS album "Static Delusions And Stone-Still Days" (Sub Pop) - You know we've been there many times before, but this is good: bratty Stooges, raw motorcity punk fuggin rock - bratty bratty snotty, obnoxious cheap and nasty sonic boom boy rock 'n roll, they could be lords of the new church. Love it like your own pet goldfish www.thecatheters.com

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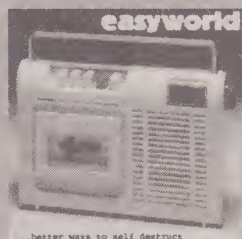
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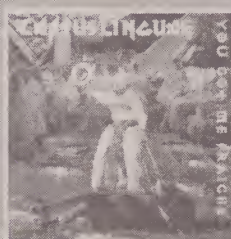
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THE DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN

The Brixton Academy is London's largest traditional, non-arena venue, and when a band rolls into town to play here it can be a real event. System Of A Down have landed, selling out three nights. Its early in a sunny March afternoon and the queue is already stretching down the back road alongside the venue, halfway back to the stage entrance; the happy baggy-trousered, keychain clanking, spiky dayglo-and T-shirt hordes relaxing on the funky beer/vomit-polished pavement, gathering their strength for the push to the front. Round the back of the venue, parked on that very busy main road, The Dillinger Escape Plan have spent the night, and shortly emerge to join us in their dressing room. We're introduced to the human faces behind the inhumanly tight, insanely twisted ragings of Calculating Infinity - Brian Benoit and Ben Weinman, the guitarists, drummer Chris Pennie, new live bassist Liam Wilson and vocalist Greg Puciato. We ask them how the System Of A Down tour is going.

"It's going well - System Of A Down like the band and asked us on to the tour. They're one big band out there with real individuality. Sometimes it's hard to tell how well we are going down but we're getting some great feedback. There's always been incredible interest here (in the UK) anyway". It seems that the internet helped a small army of twisted music, Bungle/Tool/Zorn fanatics get their teeth into the DEP's hyper-intricate stops and starts a long while ago. I ask if they feel it is getting easier to find people who are into listening this kind of music than it was when they started - have they noticed this swelling towards weird song structures, to bands who break out of normal rhythmic moulds?

"We notice a swing towards heavier, extreme music in general - its more that we have things in common with Tool and Slipknot." "We started out in the hardcore punk scene" adds founder member Ben "but we found we wanted to do more with it, we found it restricting. So we started making music that was more like what we wanted to listen too..."

Like Zappa, Zorn, King Crimson...? The band look distinctly uncomfortable. Here they are, with a whole day of press interviews ahead of them; as soon as we're out of here, probing questions from Kerrang, Metal Hammer, Rocksound, probably MTV, all make-or-break career moments. I bet they've been warned about the conservative British press, they've spent the morning thinking damn hard about what they should and shouldn't say, and now these two weirdos are trying to trip them up with references to the great god Z! Hey, this is the Organ - our readers have brains, you can relax... Tell us about this Mike Patton collaboration...

"Dimitri, our original vocalist left the band, there was no argument, it was amicable, he wanted to concentrate on other projects - so we began to search for a replacement. We checked out dozens of singers before we found Greg, and in the meantime Mike Patton offered to collaborate with us."

A lot of people here worried that you were splitting back then...

"No!" Smiles all round. "We just made some use of the time. Mike came up with ideas, we were swapping tapes, the result is this EP that will come out when we get back off tour." The EP now has a title

- "Irony Is A Dead Scene" and should be out around August.

It's fascinating that none of the band are aware of many of the other complex-structure American bands who could be their peers, bands such as the Dazzling Killmen (now most of Sicbay) and the Flying Luttenbachers, Dog Fashion Disco, Sleepytime Gorilla Museum - yet their faces light up at mention of Ruins ("Ruins - those guys are extreme! And there's just two of them...!") and they're aware of Estradasphere. It's either a measure of America's vastness or a reminder that it has no central source of printed music information outside the mainstream, but many of these bands have been making their strange outsider music in isolation, for years, the common ground being fearless use of time-changes and unusual, crafted beats. Will they start cross-pollinating?

Knowing how the hardcore/punk scene has this tendency to get all anxious and conservative about all sorts of stupid rules (Dillinger Escape Plan have had stick for 'looking like jocks' ferchrissake!) makes you appreciate the sheer audacity of this band on another level - they started off wanting to be the best punk/hardcore outfit around, saw that trying to 'fit in' meant compromise, and just went 'fuck you'. Straight away they started wrestling that energy into those tight, savagely accurate twists, the music became infinitely more powerful than their peers. Despite the huge influence of prog and jazz - King Crimson at their tightest and harshest being a fair pointer - the result still has more in common with Napalm Death and Voivod. The System Of A Down crowd stare like rabbits in headlights, bludgeoned by Greg's raging roar and the wall of noise that a big boomy venue makes of their sound. A moshpit, like one of those small deadly whirlpools you get when they release water from a dam, opens up in the lake of faces that now stretches all the way back to the bar. I can hardly see the stage from the centre of the 'pit (should of thought of that, eh?) but by all accounts this is DEP at their best behaved: nobody's bleeding, nothing has been broken, all the gear's still on the stage - the sacrifices you have to make on a major support tour. Still, some people are visibly flinching, and the roaring twistedness of even "43% Burnt" goes sailing over the heads of most of the audience. But not all - selling Organs and trying to avoid the security I get asked again and again about the insane Dillinger Escape Plan, mainly from teens with hyper brains and far, far too much energy... like them, I can't wait for their return: this was just a taste... www.mp3.com/dillingerescapeplan www.dillingerescapeplan.com

DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN - DEFIANT ONES by SCOTT HARRELL
"These are the letters that are most complimentary - the ones that start off, "When I first heard your CD,

I thought it sucked!" Ben Weinman, founder of New Jersey metalcore merchants Dillinger Escape Plan, isn't kidding at all. "That's the first line," he says with a laugh. "And then it goes on to say that the person felt compelled to give it a couple more listens, and now we're their favourite band." What follows may well be the understatement of the decade, given DEP's sonic milieu: "It means we're making music that's not that easy to take, that someone has to work a little bit to understand it." Anyone who believes that Slipknot's melange of Hellraiser and Slayer is the be-all-and-end-all of extreme rock obviously hasn't been paying much attention to the heavy-music underground (or, for that matter, what the diehards in Europe have been listening to). Metal's most abrasive and envelope-pushing sounds have always flourished in the shadows, from the early days of San Francisco's thrash scene and Chicago's industrial noise to Brooklyn-bred hardcore and our own, still-viable death metal community. If you want the really out-there shit, you've got to go out there. And DEP are out there. The technically complex yet utterly visceral outfit is more firmly rooted in the punk/hardcore DIY tradition than in metal-scene associations, but remains more than capable of flattening the most adventurous listener to a pulpy mess. Ambitious and eclectic, the Plan's style recalls

the noise-jazz freakouts of John Zorn or Mr. Bungle as often as it does Drowningman's tech-y groovecore or Morbid Angel's airtight blastbeats. But DEP don't sound much like any of these groups -- they just incorporate a similar level of ability and open-endedness into their own aural carnage. A gripping blend of dexterity and feel has informed Dillinger Escape Plan's sound since day one. DEP came together in 1997, when several hardcore-scene friends realised that playing what they assumed other people wanted to hear was not only getting them nowhere but completely unfulfilling as well. "Nobody really accepted us. We were trying to play typical music in other bands, and people thought it was just more of the same, that we sucked, we weren't cool, we weren't part of the scene," Weinman remembers. "We just got to the point where we said, "Screw it, let's incorporate all of the music we've ever loved, and write stuff that's not geared toward anybody besides ourselves." The guitarist admits that, at the outset, envy drove quite a bit of Dillinger's scattered, violent energy. "We were, honestly, very bitter, jealous of a lot of what we saw around us," he says. "All the bands out there getting attention that we felt was undeserved. We decided that we were never gonna have that, and to just write music that spit in (their) face."

The band soon found, however, that the intensity they generated proved cathartic on more levels than one.

Using Dillinger as an outlet for the frustrations toward everything from scene politics to college finals, the members hit on an endless supply of energy and motivation. "We're not aggressive people," says Weinman. "So this became a great opportunity for us to vent off the day. And that, mixed in with the anger we felt toward the scene around us, all came together and made the whole package." For a while, it seemed as though the whole package was destined to die in the wasteland between heavy music's opposite poles of the primal and the technical. Crushing but articulate, spastic but nuanced, and evil but dressed in shorts and a ringer tee, DEP ran the risk of alienating fans on both sides. It may well have been just another part of a misanthropic scheme, however. While the majority of heavy-music aficionados seems to take sides, the band itself has never had a problem reconciling the two facets of its personality. "I think a lot of other people have a hard time balancing them, but we don't. There's a lot of bands out there that are either really intricate, or really aggressive," Weinman notes. "And I haven't come across a lot of them that try to combine the two, or want to, or even understand the reasons why they should." It's their sheer sense of energy that sets the Plan apart from other technically accomplished acts and has endeared them to a loyal core crowd more interested in forceful expression than genre. They're known for a blistering, volatile live show, and DEP quickly built a reputation for chaotic stage spectacle -- nudity, bizarre behaviour, combat and copious blood flow have all characterised Dillinger sets more than once or twice. After a self-pro-

duced LP and EP, it was a particularly frenzied road gig that got them signed to Relapse Records, a kingpin of underground metal. The resulting full-length, 1999's *Calculating Infinity*, received critical raves worldwide, and made the band indie heroes in Europe and fixtures on the all-ages touring circuit here at home. It also caught the attention of Mr. Bungle leader/Fantomas singer/former Faith No More leader/all-around iconoclastic music guru Mike Patton, who invited the band to open Bungle's entire U.S. tour. The Patton/DEP connection continues; late last fall, when Dillinger's vocalist/co-founder Dimitri Minakakis left the band amicably in order to concentrate on various other projects, Patton offered his services. A flurry of studio sessions and tape swapping ensued, with the two parties working separately on four embryonic Dillinger Escape Plan songs. "We figured we might as well use the time to collaborate with him and release something - that kind of opportunity is just sick to us, a great thing to do during the transition," says Weinman. Tentatively titled *Irony Is A Dead Scene*, the EP will be released this spring by Epitaph Records. Weinman likens its sound to that of previous Dillinger outings but pushed to even further extremes. He guarantees that an upcoming new full-length by the newly re-solidified DEP (Weiman, guitar; Chris Pennie, drums; Brian Benoit, guitar; Liam Wilson, bass; Greg Puciato, vocals) will bear out the band's evolution. "The heavy, crazy parts are heavier and crazier than ever, and the more interesting, weirder parts are ... uh, weirder and more interesting, I guess," Weinman says with a chuckle. Despite the continuing parade of prefabricated, clichéd metal bands, each about as edgy as a Little Debbie snack cake, Dillinger Escape Plan remains truly disconcerting and defiantly original. Even as a heavily buzzed underground entity, now accepted rather than cast out, the band continues to find new sources of dangerous energy to fuel their style. And they're still unconcerned about making music for anyone other than themselves. "I respect someone who can write a good, popular hit, because that's a skill in itself," says Weinman. "But at the same time, the best bands out there have always been the ones that people are critical about. "The most respected band you can be in is one that people either love or hate." Scott Harrell's piece originally appeared in Tampa Bay's rather useful weekly arts and events newspaper *THE WEEKLY PLANET* keep up with Scott's musical adventures and a whole lot more at their rather recommended website www.weeklyplanet.com

CHRONIC

Book Chas Saunders,

Swordfish Press - You know what I like about Irvine Welsh novels? It's not so much the lurid tales of drug use as it is the parallel story lines that seem only tangentially related, but somehow come together in a flawless way at the end.

I also like serial TV and radio shows for a similar reason - all the slow glimpses into people's lives that are somehow interwoven and connected even if only by a random thread or act. I like the book *Chronic* for the very same reason.

Author Chas Saunders treats us to a journey through the life and times of the Scottish town of Zonk's residents. Although this has the potential to be quite boring, the potential is zapped away as we are introduced to the cast of characters that range from an ace reporter, a Hell Angels club leader, an overly security conscious father, and eccentric old geezer, and, uh, the fairies, and the UFOs, among others (each character even has his/her own font and graphic too!) Ok, so the plot line isn't that enthralling, and this book probably won't keep you up night pondering the universe and everything after-but that's alright. It makes a good read and does provide a great distraction from the stresses of London town, or any other town for that matter. Go on - try it - I'm pretty sure you'll like it. www.swordfishbooks.com Swordfish HQ, PO Box 26, Crawley, RH10 7XZ, UK (Shaari Sue Ginsburg)

CHAMBERLAIN

album "The Moon My Saddle" (Doghouse) -

Chamberlain are a now-defunct band from mid-western America, who put out three hardcore records under that name, and several prior to that under the name "Split Lip". After years of touring over American soil in a van, Chamberlain's solid final record resonates with the great sounds of American country and rootsy rock and roll. Overdriven amps are traded for pianos, distortion pedals substituted with the sound of acoustic guitars, and finally, emotionally driven angst reflected in calm melodies and maturity screamed over sheer volume. The songs are reminiscent of well-developed songwriters such as Bruce Springsteen and Tom Waits. In fact, with song titles that have words like "train", "lonesome", and "streetlight", I think the song titles alone are automatically eligible for inclusion on Tom Waits' next record. "The Moon My Saddle" is an incredibly consistent record, with every song begging for as many repeated listens as the one before it. And honestly, I'd love to describe every song in detail, but right now, I can't stop playing the alarmingly beautiful "Racing Cincinnati". With only a quiet piano and raspy vocal, the song is both raw and representative of a great record; passionate, powerful and stripped down to its bare essentials. www.doghouserecords.com www.chamberlain1.com (Jeff Barsky)

CUB COUNTRY

album "HIGH UINTA HIGH" (Jade Tree) - Cub

Country is the solo project of Jeremy Chatelain, who is best known as the bass player with popular emo / indie stalwarts Jets to Brazil. With Cub Country, Jeremy gets to take on an acoustic ambience, to show off his talents as a singer and songwriter in his own right. This CD shows an affection for country-tinged rock and blues, and is somewhat reminiscent of Blur's Graham Coxon's solo effort, which also saw him tackle country/blues inspired numbers, just man and guitar. Jeremy engages us with tales of relationships, of love lost and found, but it all sounds a bit too clean and polished to convey these feelings with a raw genuine emotion. Cub Country does however, leave you with an image of a lone man walking down a lonely highway, with only a guitar and the sound of his own voice for company. The melody of opening number "Could Be The Moon" does emulate the rising tones of a wolf howling in a red dust sunset. "Butterfly" has a darker edge to it, and "Your Old Street" has some lovely dual vocals. This album also features several guest star appearances, not least Jeremy's Jets to Brazil band-mates, as well as Theo from The Lunachicks, Nick from Euphone, Chris Traynor from Helmet. www.jadetree.com (Katherine Vik)

THE HEADS

album "TROPPO AMPIO" (Sweet Nothing) - From the very start of this messed up

and intense album it is clear that The Heads are an original band that combine many different influences and ideas in their music. Described as "modern psychedelic rock" this comes across as far heavier and fuzzier than older psychedelic bands. A mixture of stoner and garage, hyperfuzz and vocals, which are at times reminiscent of Jon Spencer or The Make Up: droned, spoken and occasionally sung. A vaguely accurate description of the style of this album is a stoned version of Sonic Youth in their ascent, before they became too lingering and self-indulgent. The lo-fi production (self-produced) benefits the album, and with bass heavy fuzz being thrown from speaker to speaker, its easy to start feeling sea sick! "Energy" comes across as the most psychedelic number on this new album, with "False Heavy" the most driving, with an undercurrent of the Stooges and MC5. The Heads know how to build a song up into a climax and leave you feeling at the very least a little disorientated. www.theheads.org.uk www.sweetnothingrecords.co.uk (Katherine Vik)

BIFFY CLYRO

album 'Blackened Sky' (Beggars Banquet) - Biffy Clyro are one of that Scottish

set like Arab Strap, Areogramme and Lapus Linguae who seem to have complete belief in what they are doing and their music. They defy convention by not having a frontman and sharing the singing between all three band members. The result is a kind of amalgam of the savvy pop grunge of Nirvana and the post rock meandering of Mogwai. The singles 27, Justboy, and 57 are accomplished slices of anthemic indie with singalong choruses and rousing riffs. Whilst the more experimental Kill The Old, Toture Their Young and Stress On The Sky combine huge drums and discordant riffs with shouty vocals and a sad falsetto somewhere in the distance. It does tend to sound a bit samey and over the course of the album the general malaise of angst and regret does start to drag. But just as it seems like its all descended into dull corporate-FM fodder there will be a strange jittery skipping drumbeat or contrary riff to pull it back from the brink. By no means a stunning debut but there's enough that's interesting here to make a second album a not unwelcome prospect. www.biffyclyro.com (Kate Bowgett)

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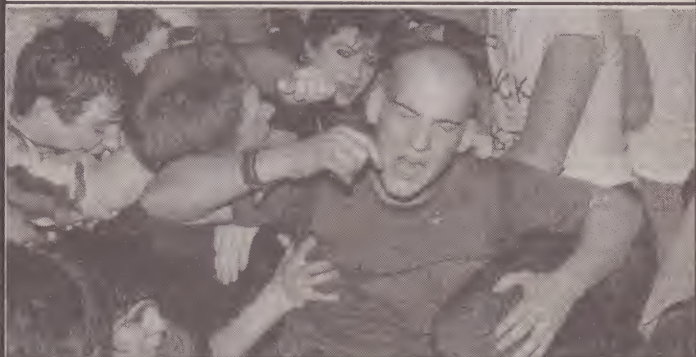
DEAD RED SEA album "BIRDS" (Deep Elm) - Dead Red

Sea hail from Baltimore and sound exactly like what you would expect from emo label Deep Elm. More lilting vocal melodies, more slow paced indie rock and lyrics which speak of personal heartache and disappointment. But Dead Red Sea are not just jumping on the coat tails of the latest trend, having all been in respected bands in the past, Ryan Shelkett (ex-Cross My Heart), Charles Cole, Alan Randall (ex-Wrong Button) and Buck (ex-Third Harmonic Distortion). They incorporate elements from indie rock, hardcore, and blues, with melancholy lyrics and a grim outlook on life. One may wonder exactly what it is that makes life so miserable for four seemingly privileged middle-class boys from the USA, but they don't really let you know. "Its So Hard To Be Alive" just makes you want to yell at them to pull themselves together! Musically this album is fine, not particularly original but definitely competent and together, and fans of the emo genre will probably be enraptured. The more upbeat "Bad Man" has a slight country edge to it, and this album would benefit from going more down this road rather than unhappy waffling. www.deeplem.com (Katherine Vik)

PENTHOUSE album "Unt" - (Vanity) - Third album from Penthouse (Fifty Tons Of Black Terror - if the girly mag's legal department ask) and another slice of sleaze-soaked, blues-infused rock and roll grind. They occupy the same swampy blues punk territory frequented by Nick Cave, The Cramps and Gallon Drunk, at their most debauched. During White Slave Speaks His Mind Charlie Finke shrieks "wanna be a wealthy man, I deserve more cash" over a cacophony of dirty rhythm. Baby Must Die is a slow sleazy drawl with Charlie intoning "every baby shall die" in a sinister falsetto. The album's best track is the gloriously ponderous War In Heaven which oozes itself into a grand finale anti-anthem anthem. But they don't always hit the required low note of genuine pustulous sleaze. Sometimes they seem to be trying just a little to hard to shock and it comes over a tad giggling playground dirty. A little more finesse would make them far more disturbing. They're not really ploughing a new path here, it wouldn't really be a surprise to hear that this album had been recorded at any point during the last 25 years, but what the hell, this is low-down dirty rock and roll and they do it well. www.fiftytons.co.uk (Kate Bowgett)

CHECK THIS BAND OUT!!!

STEPHEN NANCY Live Camden Dublin Castle - Stephen Nancy are playing an odd bill. Sandwiched between the raucous What Rhymes With Charlie Brown, who's fans can-can around the Dublin Castle wearing alien masks and arch synth cynics Fosca, they were never going to slip in easily. Lead singer Ste tells us straight up that he's hated; hated for being gay, hated for being Northern, hated for being working class. He fully seems to expect us to hate him too. The band seem to approach the whole experience as a war to be fought using their music as a weapon. It's rare to see a band this angry and this spiky. They play like their lives could depend on it. There's a tenseness, agitation and sincerity that are completely mesmerising. Ste sounds a little like Pete Shelley but the music shares little with the bittersweet pathos of the Buzzcocks. Stephen Nancy are much nearer the stripped down brutality of Wire or Magazine. This is punk in the purist sense. There is no dressing up, no theatricals, no cartoon posturing. This is music as an expression of alienation and anger. This emotional intensity is a little shocking, definitely uncomfortable but this unnerving level of passion deserves to be heard. (Kate Bowgett)



LIARS - Metro Club, London - Yet another New York band with eighties influences, oh go on then impress us with your unnerving cool and impeccable retro styling. But then you actually see the Liars and they are - well - they are pretty amazing actually. Singer Andrew Angus is the focus of the group. He appears wearing a distinctly uncool knitted tank top with a huge pelican on the front. Reminiscent of one of Granny's more sadistic knitting ventures. He leaps around the stage thrashing and grimacing, periodically launching into the audience grabbing flesh and hair. They sound like a fucked up Birthday Party, like a rockier Suicide, like ARE Weapons with a sense of humour, like the Pop Group, like something unhinged, wild, organic. The opposite of the whole Electroclash thing, they are using electronics to create something cerebral and out of control. They are deliciously uncompromising, nothing about them panders to anybody. Even the title of their first album, They Threw Us All In A Trench And Stuck A Monument On Top, perplexes, annoys, is too long to fit on neat sticky labels - and for that alone, quite apart from myriad other reasons, they should most definitely be admired. (Kate Bowgett)

ECTOGRAM album "TALL THINGS FALLING" (Ankst Musik) - The most frustrating thing about this album is its length. It's a shame, as "Tall Things Falling" is frequently excellent. Ectogram can, and do, write deliciously odd prog-pop psychedelia, that brings to mind "Tatay"-era Gorky's, or an even less lucid Levitation, while never really sounding like anything other than Ectogram. Sadly, seventy minutes of the stuff, as this album demonstrates, is just too much to take. Even more infuriating than the exhausting effect on the listener, is the diminishing effect the album's length has on its impact - gems that would glisten on a shorter album, such as the almost jazz-like "Photos of Toast," and swirly closing track "Spring Without Green," just seem to get lost amongst the rest of the glass in the kaleidoscope. Saying that, Ann Matthews' extraordinary voice complements the music perfectly, and if anything's going to stay in your mind after the album finishes, it's the vocals. Ultimately though, "Tall Things Falling" is just too sprawling to make the sort of impression Ectogram are capable of making. It's definitely not a forgettable record, but, maddeningly, it's one that could have been twice the album at half the length. www.ectogram.co.uk www.ankst.co.uk (Felicity Williams)

MOTORHEAD

album "Hammered" (SPV) - Lemmy with har-

monies?! This is the most tuneful start to a Motorhead album since Another Perfect Day (and what an underrated album that was). Let's be honest here, Lemmy and Co have been treading water in recent times - delivering decent enough Motorhead albums that do most things you expect a Head album to do without doing much that would distract you for any amount of serious time from the classics like Overkill or Bomber - almost trading off the image and the larger than life legend - true, some of the gigs in the last few years have been better than ever, (others have been pretty average - but hey, at least it's not on autopilot). "Hammered" is the first really adventurous album for ages - there's just been moments on the recent ones, odd standout tracks. This is an album that take a few plays to settle in with - there's that melodic opening track "Walk A Crooked Mile" and the mid-paced, rather average second track "Down The Line" doesn't help you get in there - the third "Brave New World" is Lemmy spitting and snarling with his down-to-earth ironic observations and that sounds like the riff to "Iron Fist" - the whole album sounds like "Iron Fist" meets "Perfect Day". Lemmy is on form lyrically - taking shot at all the usual suspects - the rich, religion, the music business. "Voices From The War" sounds like it's going to be AC/DC's "Let There Be Rock". "Mine All Mine" is heavy metal rock n'roll, the riff sounds like Scorpions' "Can't Live Without You" before it goes into yet more AC/DC territory - High Voltage this time - and almost turns to a ZZtop throb with a hint of Status Quo: Motorhead are, after all, the last of the great rock'n roll bands with their roots right there at the start. "Shut Your Mouth" has a great big Hammond on it, that's right, a Hammond on a Motorhead album - Motorhead do Deep Purple? - not quite. And they're in there sealing the WWF relationship, with Triple H adding a part to the almost surreal Lemmy spoken word final track "Serial Killer". Hammered was produced by Bob Kulick and Bob Marlette in LA and it kinds of sounds like it; that's no complaint - the days of them moving in next door to you in West London and killing your lawn have long since gone. "Raw Nerve" is old school Motorhead at ramming speed for the first time, a throw back to the cutting edge days of the start of the 80's. The best Motorhead album for some time - though the glory days of the early 80's are long gone now., GO GRAB SOME FRESH LABRAT AND STICK WITH OVERKILL.

ANTIMATTER album "Saviour" (Icon) Dark, moody, almost orchestral, almost lush, almost gothic - a project put together by one time Anathema creator Duncan Patterson. Antimatter are an atmospheric, female fronted, gothic smouldering, sometimes enchanting Pink Floyd/Portishead/All About Eve dark experience. This is their debut album. Get it from www.plastichead.com

TORA! TORRANCE album "Get In To It" (Revelation) - It's a lively energetic bratty fusion of spiky punk pop - they're from Minneapolis and they've evolved out of cult band As Fed By Ravens. They've got an awkward and twisted, a blustery flustered channel-flipping Panixphere/Toy Planets fidgetiness, meeting At The Drive In or a more obnoxious bratty My Vitriol, no more like The Pin Ups feeding their pigeons with hints of Psychic TV punk rock pushing and prodding - rather unique actually - we like lots and lots. Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615, USA. www.revelationrecords.com

IN DECADES DECLINE album "Duneideann" (Lawgiver) Abrasive, unreconstructed punk rocking crustcore metal tantrums with added colour. For followers of confrontationally creative aggroed-up hardcore shouty thrashing punk rock things like Assert/Stampin' Ground/Concrete Sox/Electro Hippies. Good stuff - Lawgiver, PO Box 17188, Edinburgh, EH11 2WX. £5.00 including postage - find out more from indecadesdecline@hotmail.com

AURORA album "Aurora" (EMI) - Mind numbing fluffy pleasantness, bland uplifting breezy manufactured soulless product pop - "imagine Natalie Imbruglia sipping chilled sunrise cocktails at a beach party in Thailand hosted by Everything but The Girl" says the press release - now imagine the killer sharks and the six foot long pop band-eating ninja crabs and the incoming plague winds carrying hoards of lustful blood sucking bats. The Organ post sack is always full of delightful musical treats and we do like to listen to absolutely everything with an open mind - this was an even worse experience than we expected it to be... find out more at www.labratcunts.com

THE BLUETONES album "Singles 1995-2002" - Surely one of the bands who least deserve the resources handed to them to actually make records, a waste of studio time, recording tape, guitar strings... one of the blandest unadventurous under achieving uncommitted set of arsewipes ever - and it feels like they're needed even less than ever now - bring on the Aurora eating ninja crabs. More details from www.dirtysquatters.com

MOSQSHA album/very long single /whatever "The Destroyer Versus Duzilla" (Sugar Shack) - Another of those Bristol collectives playing rather blandly with weak psychedelia, polite watered down groove and diluting everything good that came from that city in the days of Nellie Hooper

PRIME album "Anaesthesia" (Recital) - Some kind of not very good mix of Chilli Peppers and bad nu-metal. Recital, Apartado 88, 4795-161 Rebordes, Portugal.

LABRAT

album "Spoiling It For Everyone Else" (Visible Noise) -

A squealing pig of a metal album. The self proclaimed "ear blasting purveyors of metal madness" have dropped their first bomb, run to the hills, the 666th scout troupe called Labrat are coming to get you. Hey look, I kept given them gigs to stop them bugging me at bars, though they were just a piss taking yob-metal noise until the other day when it suddenly all fell dangerously into place over at that Totalfest (so impressed was I that I had to go straight out and chase them for a copy of this tasty item). Oldskool hardcore metal blastbeats, growls and screams, tantrum riffs, harsh and uncompromising - Labrat are not for the faint-hearted - hell, the bastards have made a stormingly good extreme metal tantrum of an album - has the world gone insane? Labrat in great album shock - think Napalm Death, think Medulla Nocte, think originals like Bolt Thrower, think demonic warpspeed hardcore metal, think why did Hillary and the other one kill that sweet old lady? Was it really just for Fun? Why are they kept apart now? Was she really that obsessed with Axel - is all down to Guns n'Roses? Abrasive, frenzied, tantrum thrashing skull cracking metal, Jesus H Christ on a big blue bike, Labrat made a great album - what is going on? www.labratcunts.com www.visiblenoise.com

TOPCATS

album "Mr Donkey Paradise" (Jamdown) Top quality traditional ska from South London - now we're not talking Less Than Jake style ska punk here, we're talking the authentic old school traditional (punk free) rocksteady ska sound of old London town/Jamaica. They rule live, you can't help but dance like a crazy fool and this debut album has it captured it just right with those skanking horns and the spot-on soulfuelled production - recommended. £6.95 direct from Jamdown, 26a Craven Road, Newbury, Berks, RG14 5NE. Distributed via Plastichead or check out www.jamdownrecords.co.uk - And while we're on the subject of Jamdown - further proof of what an excellent Ska label they have cooking up there comes in the shape of "THE SHACK VOL 3: TRANSATLANTIC SKA" - A colourful collection of rocksteady, authentic old school ska and new school ska-punk from all over the ska field - outfits like Capdown, Stubborn Allstars, Pama, Bim Skala Bim, Topcats, Warsaw, 4ft Fingers, Victor Rice, Identity#1, Dub Ska Liner and loads more - all top quality, tasty tunes, an unmissable door in to the underground ska scenes of the US and UK - damn fine stuff. CHECK OUT JAM-DOWN, THEY DO IT WELL



HAPPY ENDINGS

Live - Cantor's Kibitz Room, Los Angeles. - It's about time that some real rocker girls hit the boy-infused Los Angeles music scene. At this, their debut show, the 4-member band: Colomene Jenner (vocals, guitar), Jen Chiba (vocals, bass), Gilden Tunador (keyboards, guitar) and (lone boy) Tully Macintyre (drums) impressed the hell out of the often cynical hipster crowd. Their set's opening song featured Jenner's quasi-orgasmic, Swedish, spoken-sung moanings interspersed with the band's well-thought-out arrangements. Their "Scientology took my Baby from Me" with Tunador's surf-y keyboard riff showed that the Happy Endings aren't just here to "rock," but to say something. Their sound immediately recalls a sort of garage rock fucking surf rock (with a slight bluesy drone) that equals an original girl rock sound. It's a refreshing change from all those retro, 60's-70's boy bands that have been showing up on the rockster scene lately. Also to their benefit, not only does Happy Endings' sound fit a "cute" and "tough" mode, but their visual style is also something for this reviewer write about. Their white-on-white fashion and visual style adds to whole effect, making them not only something to hear, but to watch as well. I've grown tired of these "we're so cool we don't care how we look" bands, that it's great to see a band pay as equal attention to how they dress as how they sound. These hot L.A. rocker girls (and a boy on drums) rock hard, look soft, play loud and make you want more. They finished their set with a cover of Primal Scream's "Gimme Gimme Teenage Head" that left us wanting more. While the band rocked with a full over-driven sound, Jenner softly sang in her unaffected, wispy voice, "A childlike face and filthy looks, sweet young thing you got me hooked." Happy Ending will definitely get you hooked! - Watch out for Happy Endings at the LA Ladyfest, contact colomene@earthlink.net (Leonard Jay)

PAMELA NUDE demo - Soaring powerful slightly anthemic luscious melancolic rock with an undercurrent of Brit pop/Sgt Pepper era Beatles/Coldplay and just that right hint of the Americana of The Pixies or Pavement. Colourful moods and interludes, big brave tiny epics that have the guts and the desire to go where most would hold back and take the safe option. Impressive demo - the extra details in there work so well. Rather recommended. Contact John Flaharity, Flat 30, Meadow Court, Hackness Road, Chorlton, Manchester, M34 6BS. www.pamelanude.co.uk

YOUR TIME ON THE INTERN

WHAT IS LADYFEST?

LADYFEST LONDON takes place between August 1 - August 4, 2002
Location: The Garage, Highbury and Islington and other London venues
What is Ladyfest London?

- Ladyfest London is a celebration of the achievements of women, primarily in music and the arts. It is community-based, democratically-organised and not-for-profit, with money raised being donated to women's charities. It follows in a series of earlier successful events, starting with the inaugural Ladyfest in Olympia, USA in August 2000, and continuing in 2001 with Ladyfest Scotland in Glasgow, UK, as well as similar events in New York and Chicago. Ladyfest London is planned for August 1-4 2002, as part of a worldwide series of events including Ladyfests in Washington DC, Philadelphia, Bay Area and Southern USA.

What have previous Ladyfests been like?

- Both the original Ladyfest and Ladyfest Scotland were sell-out successes, attracting attendees from their home countries and from abroad, as well as raising a considerable amount of money for charity. Importantly, the events have also generated much publicity, carrying the positive message of Ladyfest far from the actual events, as well as promoting the artists involved. Ladyfest Scotland, for example, attracted coverage in at least 30 national and international publications, including such mainstream bodies as The Guardian and The Scotsman in addition to the underground press.

What is planned for Ladyfest London 2002?

- Ladyfest London will be organised around several concerts of live music at venues in central London - likely to play (though not yet confirmed) are artists such as Electrelane and Angelica from the UK and The Gossip and The Hissys from the USA. However, it will also be a hugely varied affair, featuring art, film, spoken word, poetry and performance art as well as seminars and workshops on both art and politics. Although it is organised predominantly by women, it is important that Ladyfest convey its message to men too, and the festival is open to all.

What are the aims of Ladyfest London?

- The main aims of Ladyfest London are to showcase the talents of women working in the creative arts, to build a sense of community among female artists/musicians/activists, and to give women a chance to participate in the organisation of a large-scale project.

How do I get more information about Ladyfest London?

www.diskant.net/ladyfest or Email ladyfestlondon@hotmail.com

ignition
www.ignitiononline.co.uk

DA' SKYWALKERS album "Smalltown Saviours" (Household Name) - Fist in the air singalong we'll never surrender street punk that mixes the powerful defiance of The Clash at their stripped down best with the present day action of things like Millencolin or Bombshell Rocks and a pinch or two of urgent Dropkick Murphys or Business or early Rancid (ok early Rancid is the Clash, don't get all smartarse on me now, it's late...). They're from Sweden and they've delivered the goods with this fine debut album - they do a damn fine job of delivering things you've heard a million times before in a refreshingly honest way - sometimes that's all you need. A damn fine punk rock wreckord, remember now, if the kids are united, they will never be divided.... www.householdnamerecords.co.uk

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CARDIACS

album "Greatest Hits"

(Alphabet)

This is how it feels to be caught in a field like a dirty great flower.... How do you collect it all together on one album? You can't can you? It can't be explained on one album. Everyone of us - everyone one of us who is privileged enough to know about this thing that is called Cardiacs... and there are so many - has there ever been a band with such a cult following? Has there ever been such a treasure? Everyone of us would come up with a different track listing for a 'best of' Cardiacs album - there aren't any greatest hits, they're all greatest hits and there's nothing on here from before 1988. Hold on to your heads and use them to hammer your beautiful souls into this bitter compilation - this does explain (not that it should ever need to be explained, it's just that for those of us who have found it and need to share it - look, listen to this band, join in with us, it not fair that we should know and you don't, listen to this album, you'll understand now, and if you don't then well at least you actually listened...) This is the disc you can hand to anyone and say, there, that's why it matters to so so many, that's why grown men cry in the pit (the pond) like big ugly sharks.... This is how it feels to be caught in a field like a dirty great flower - fourteen Cardiacs songs (almost hymns) all on one album - including Faster Than Snakes With A Ball And Chain - yes, we had to eagerly fast forward to the new track (from the next album, don't think this is an end, Cardiacs is a thing that can't end, it lick wounds and heals and then on it goes...). Can you possibly listen to the euphoric end of Buds And Spawn with out walking around the room, a simply shining fireproof man? It's the shining glowing side, the happiest of the euphoric moments - that Fairy Mary Mag of very English garden fresh prim and proper psychedelia that's on a direct line from The Beatles and The Who's Tommy - English rock music, this is the uplifting pop euphoria - that break for breath in the middle while She Is Hiding Behind The Shed and then we step to earliest track The Breakfast Line and realise how much things have actually evolved and it's fitting that things, for the purposes of this album, should start here (the rest is another history for another day). And then there's the otherworldly pop reggae meets church choir of Wind And Rains Is Cold - you could say it's innocence, it's not though, it's something else - it's school morning church services and dusty hymn books and the lives of the people who held them before you did, it's planting seeds in ink wells, it's turning over rocks to see the bugs and the worms and how they run - never hurting, just watching their world with wonder and how things go faster than snakes with a ball and a chain and you have to run and run run and run faster than snakes with a ball and a chain and go on all the rides again and again and wonder how the horses broke free from the roundabout - Faster Than Snakes is the most beautiful, maybe the most beautiful ever and there's so much of it before the Victory Egg is hatched and what is there to lose said the general selling anything but England by the pound - her egg will burst and this is the finest of them all and even now after all the times I'm finding more and more and more in here and didn't you just once want to plane plane against the grain? And you want to know why it is that we burden ourselves with this Organ thing through battle after battle - this is why, the answer is a simple as that, the answer is on every moment of this beautiful album, one of the most beautiful glowing things ever - these are some of the finest of fine moments from the finest bands ever. More details from www.cardiacs.com or in shops via Plastichead distribution. You can buy copies direct from us here at ORGAN (we bought a big box of them off the band) £15.00 inc P&P payable to Organart, Unit 212, 326 Kensal Road, London, W10 5BZ - for overseas mailorder/paypal and such check out www.organart.com (S.W.)
The track listing - THERE'S GOOD CUD, MANHOO, BUDS AND SPAWN, CORE, FAIRY MARY EGG, ODD EVEN, SHE IS HIDING BEHIND THE SHED, THE BREAKFAST LINE, MARES NEST, WIND AND RAIN IS COLD, FASTER THAN SNAKES WITH A BALL AND CHAIN, VICTORY EGG, DIRTY BOY, PLANE AGAINST THE GRAIN

THE ICARUS LINE

single "Feed A Cat To Your Cobra"

(Cargo) - Like it's title Feed A Cat To Your Cobra is at first funny in a feel-good, fuck you, punk way and then on closer inspection is deeply disturbing. It starts off as straightforward thrashy punk with a great Stoogesque riff and what sounds like a small child shouting "Feed A Cat To Your Cobra". Then it goes all Nirvana dreamy-angsty before storming out in a brutal panic thrash hail and all of this in less than three minutes. In between the alternately discordant and melodic guitars it's a bit hard to make out what singer Joe Cardamone is actually going on about. What ever it is it involves a woman and he's not very happy about it. "You'll never know what hit you" "This is as close as you want to be to me" he squalls threateningly. Overall a breathtaking distillation of the whole of American punk squeezed into a furious fist of a song that smashes you in the stomach and then runs off with your mind. www.theicarusline.com (Kate Bowgett)

SCAR CULTURE album "Inscribe" (Century Media) - Bruising, grinding, brutal, amalgamation of extreme technical death metal and blasting New York grindcore - hostile, intense, ferocious, relentless, sadistic, devastating, thrashing, incessant, woowooooooooooooagggghhhhhh - yeah. KKKKKK www.centurymedia.net

A week in the life of an Organ

We'll start on Sunday - it could be any day, there's no start or finish to a week around these parts and days off are an alien concept. Hell, who needs a day off when your 'job' is going to gigs every night, putting out fine fine records, putting on chaotically fractured shark infested gigs, surfing through the demo mountain (that bit can be sometimes be rather tedious, there're some awful demo things being sent in right now, listen to your crap before you send it you bands, do you honestly think anyone else besides you and your mum wants to listen to this junk?)

In reality, days off are something we just can't afford here in Organ land. Right now we're running on adrenaline and strong strong coffee while we dodge the debt collectors, avoid the printing bills and try to hold this horrendously time-consuming beautiful Organ monster magazine/record label/gig promotion beast all together. Sunday night and there's a big purple shed load of gigs to try and go to, we need to be in far too many places at once tonight.

THE ABILITY TO SPEAK.....

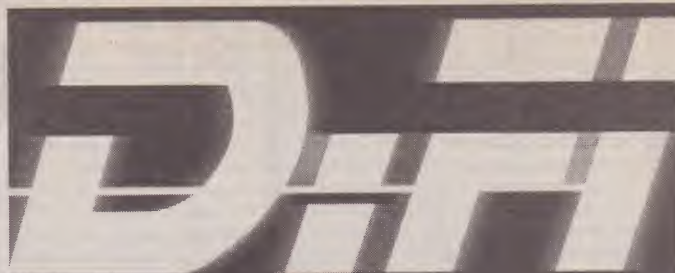
Can we get some early flyer/Organ selling in over in North London first? No, let's head South and hit Brixton straight away. Trying to sell fanzines to the Weezer crowd at Brixton Academy is like trying to, well actually I don't know what it's like, we've never quite encountered blank looks of frightened rabbit dumbness like this is in a queue for a rock concert before, it's a queue that looks and acts more like it's patiently waiting for the Harrods sale or something, there's no rebellion here. Weezer are clearly a band your parents would love you to like. Thankfully there is a point, we're here because **REMY ZERO** are the support band on the Weezer tour. Not that you'd know, publicity is at a minimum as far as the support band is concerned and not many here seem to have a clue who the opener is. Why bother to fly the band over if you're going to keep it a secret you big lumbering dinosaur major label record company? Why do they spend their money so badly time after time? Remy Zero shine on the big stage, small pockets of their fans smile knowingly at each other while the Weezer fans get on with the far more important business of texting each other and seemingly fail to even notice there's a band on stage. You get the feeling the art of communication is lost unless it's via a text message. We strongly suspect that Weezer have lost the ability to speak.

NU METAL BAKED BEAN BANDS....

The second Remy Zero finish, it's a hasty sprint out of the venue and off as fast as the Victoria/Northern line will carry us to Camden and the Underworld for the **Loudspeaker Records** night. Loudspeaker is yet another in-house label from the ever expanding Plastichead stable - Loudspeaker is the Plastichead operation's "nu-metal" label and there's four of five or god knows how many "nu-metal" flavoured bands playing together here in an atmosphere-free Camden Underworld tonight. It's hell - the bands all weld in to one big excitement-free faceless monster grey octopus... it's like being force fed endless lukewarm baked beans, tonight they all become the same safe unadventurous band - identical stance, identical clothes, regulation sounds, regulation everything, standard issue skatologo shirts, identical riffs, they all jump in the same predictable places, they all shout at the same expected point in their far too predictable songs, they hail out "respect" to each other and they ultimately pull each other down into a big bland depressing Kwik Save 9p own-brand baked bean soup of sameness. It actually really does take a while to work out which band is on stage, such is the almost faceless nature of this bill tonight. These are bands that on their own (or at least on a bill with a hint of variety) do have some kind of spark or a threat of potential to offer. There have been some decent releases on Loudspeaker thus far - **JOR, STOOPI, LANDMINE SPRING** all have albums that are worthy of your time. But they become faceless tonight as they mesh as one big X factor-less monster, despite Landmine Spring's raw aggressive metal impressing far more than in the past (good album, so far grey underachievers live, tonight they are much better than I expected) and **Jor's Snapcase** meets **Snot** style pointed jabbing metalcore (we missed Helvis, the first band on, and probably missed the one different dimension that Loudspeaker have to offer). No, this isn't the place to be tonight. There's a smell of boredom from the crowd when we arrive, apathy rules in the safe predictability. The spark of creativity that was once so evident in London's once very very healthy alternative metal scene is fast fading. This is an energy free zone tonight - the overpriced and rather dubious Underworld bar doesn't help the evening.

EIGHT WHEEL SKATE BOARDS.....

So having sold a few more quality copies of Organ to the crowd in the Underworld it's a rush off down Chalk Farm Road to the other end of Camden (past the persistent dope dealers, the scamming beggars, the randic food sellers and those taxi drivers who look like they want to take you somewhere far more sinister and possibly life threatening than any destination you may request should you be deranged enough to actually get in to one of their wrecks that pass for cars). We're rushing off to the regular K.B.Y night at the Monarch to catch up with a bit of **SEA OF GREEN**. The green ones are stranded in London on a cold Sunday in



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March - tip for not so well known out of town bands, do make sure you actually have a couple of London based bands on your bill unless you want to play to an empty venue: on the whole people in London don't turn out for small gigs unless London bands with someone who knows a mate of someone in the band are on the bill. (Not the promoters fault this time, seems the KBY crew had this time jumped off their 8 wheel six foot long skate board and had argued for a band like Evil Knievel to be on the bill but the three bands here insisted on it just being them because they'd been doing the whole tour together). So SEA OF GREEN are from Canada and they're sharing a rather empty Monarch with TREE (from Boston, USA) and the rather excellent MARSHAN from Scotland (sorry we missed you this time Marshan, we still haven't worked out how to be in two places at once, we're working on it). One or two people whose opinions we usually take notice of are raving about the Tree set that we've just missed and their rather rewarding hardcore take on the Clutch sound. Sea Of Green fire up with some righteous stoner Sabbath/Kyuss riffing, this is good, this very good. Yeah, sure, you know exactly where they're going well before they get there but hey, they do it well and deserve a hell of a lot more than an almost empty venue and polite applause for their trouble... It's tempting to make

OPERA SINGING BUS DRIVER

a dash over to the Boston Arms where Ignite and Knuckledust have been playing just so we can sell another fifty or so Organs to the crowd coming out (and get a little closer to paying the overdue printing bill, hey we're keeping this Organ alive by the skin of our teeth here, come on, subscribe and help us do this - stop complaining, it is a buzz trying to get Organs in the hands of as many as possible, we're on a mission, we're not ashamed of our commando like selling raids on unsuspecting queues). The Boston Arms is a venue too far tonight though, there's not enough time so it's back to the Underworld for a bit more Organ selling and to dish out flyers for next Tuesday's Latch gig (Latch had promised to be here doing it themselves, guess what, they're not - just like they weren't at the Miocene gig or the Vacant Stare gig - seems guitarist John did get thrown out of the WillHaven gig for stage diving and throwing a shedload of flyers in to the front rows as he did it so we'll let him off, where were the rest of you lazy Latch bastards! Tip for anyone thinking of starting a record label: however much you like the band, make sure they're prepared to do some work/gig like hell). There's never any decent food in Camden either, shit venues, crap beer, dodgy people still trying to sell you dubious drugs (or lumps of highly priced licorice to one A&R man - seems they know as much about everything else as they do about how to find good new bands - Thirty quid for a piece of licorice, bet he charged it to expenses, wonder if they ask for receipts when they're getting fleeced by their laughing drug dealers?). And you

can never escape the godforsaken place that is Camden either! If you're unfortunate enough to miss the last tube while you're doing that last bit of flying then you just know the 31 Night Bus just never turns up and you're

KNITTING AND FIREARMS

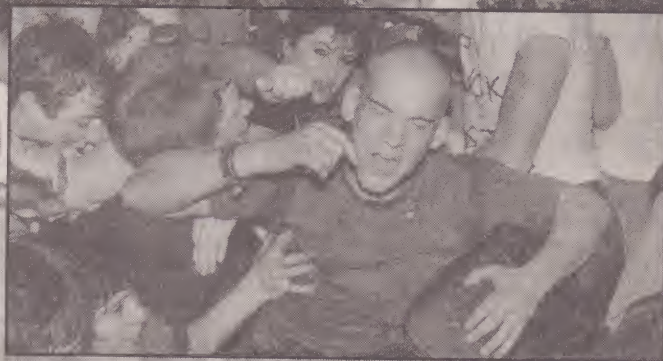
going to have to go with those dubious taxi drivers after all - two very early morning hours I waited for the goddamn satanic 31 Night Bus after the Desman gig at the Camden Palace the other day, and when it did finally turn up it was that insane driver who thinks he's an opera singer and his total disregard for the colour of the traffic lights or indeed half the stops and the screams of the trapped passengers. **Excellent gig though, Desman shone on the big stage two Tuesdays ago**, the wait for the operatic bus afterwards was worth every minute (and I did encounter a curious red fox whilst waiting). So we're in Camden at the end of a Sunday and back selling Organs outside the Underworld as the crowd leaves the venue - it always amazes me when people say things like "Not my thing mate" when they're coming out of gigs like this - what the hell is your thing then? We're not selling Knitting And Firearms Monthly here you know, this is where you find out about your next favourite band and I get to say "Told You So" in my ego inflated way - of course it's your goddamn thing you stupid Korn fan! We have sold a lot of Organs tonight though (despite the comatose/frightened/clueless Weezer queue earlier in the evening - only the Iron Maiden queue has been worse than Weezer so far this year, guess we were on a hiding to nothing thinking we could sell Organs to people standing in line to get in to a goddamn festering Iron Maiden gig in this Two Thousand And Second year of our good lord - but hey, we tried, and we're not seeing too many other zines out there on the streets these days, someone has to do it, someone has to save these people from tired washout bands, someone has to tell them about Chang!). It's always a buzz to get to the end of the evening with empty bags when we've set off hopefully weighed down with Organs earlier in the evening - right now people are reading Organs on bus journeys home (hopefully no opera singing drivers) **reading about Erika America and her Deviant Behaviour and what she wants to do to Chelsea Clinton with that strap on** - we've got a small handful of Organs left as we head for the last tube home, maybe we'll encounter the Ignite crowd and offload the last of tonight's batch of quality zines - no such luck, there's no life on the train tonight (where do gig crowds disappear to so quickly?). There's no one in this carriage besides yet another tube nutter holding his newspaper upside down and yelling about Oasis being spies for the government (surely even the government aren't that stupid?). We make it back home, 19 pizza flyers have been delivered while we were out - does anyone ever see these people actually delivering these takeaway pizza flyers? Do they come from another dimension, and why do the pictures of the Pizzas make them look so awfully unnatural and uninviting anyway?

SAVE ME.....

MONDAY: There's really only one place to be tonight, **REMY ZERO** are playing a one off headline show at the Garage over in Highbury, they've been out touring with Weezer (but we already told you about that), tonight we can get the full show. Now, Highbury is where you find the best pre/post gig food in the London - it's to be found waiting for you at that excellent little mobile food vendor outside the tube station (it's so easy to miss it as you rush from the underground and avoid the nutters who always wait at the exit of tubes with conspiracy theories about members of Oasis being secret Government agents). **The food vendor is always there with his delicious Turkish cheese and fresh Spinach Crepes** that he takes so much pride in making as you wait there licking your lips... So it's off on the Overground train from Kensal Rise with the thoughts of crepes and the inspiration that is Remy Zero in our minds - no clue who's opening tonight, they still didn't know at the Garage when I phoned and asked for a final time if they had sorted it out last Friday. Nooo! Where's the Crepe seller gone! He was here last Thursday when Miocene played, we didn't have time for one then and I've been regretting it ever since - what's gone wrong!? Oh well, it's off on a food hunt before we go see whoever actually is on the bill with Remy Zero. Of course there's plenty of time and space for two openers at the Garage but booking agents and promoters can't be arsed half the time - don't they realise new bands need exposure, this week's openers are their next year's money making headliners you short-sighted bastards! We'd been bugging people like hell to get Desman on the bill (Desman have their debut single out on our label ORG right now just in case you wondering why we're trying to get them on to bills) - We've frustratedly pointed out to unreciprocative ears that we would have flyered the hell out of the Weezer gig the night before (thus letting everyone know who Remy Zero were at that godforsaken Weezer gig and that they were playing the Garage the next day and alongside the Desman fans who would have added numbers to the bill, people from the Weezer gig and blah blah blah - all that's far too obvious for goddamn evil lazy booking agents who think the whole world revolves around them and their bloated egos. Turns out there's only one band opening and 90% of the audience haven't a clue who the hell they are - they're rather impressive (who we later learn are from Southampton and who didn't have time to tell anyone they were playing because they only got the gig

at the very last minute - why do you gig promoters and power tripping agents mess around like this!). Tonight's one opening band are called **BUDAPEST**. Now don't ask me why I enjoyed this first encounter with Budapest so much, they have more in common with bands like Travis, Starsailor or indeed those government spies who masquerade as Oasis than anything - maybe it was just because of the depth to their impressive songs, the little details the warm keyboards were adding, the excellent voice the singer possesses - whatever, they've managed to drag me from the semi detachment of the bar at the back of the room to the very front - they're winning lots of new friends here tonight (if only people knew who they were watching). More Budapest soon. **REMY ZERO's music maybe isn't too much of a revolution in it's own self either, it's just that they deliver it with such an all-engulfing, uplifting passion and an almost unknowing yet very knowing sense of spirituality.** It's impossible not to be grabbed in one great big hug of positive emotion - refreshingly impossible not to be carried by Remy Zero and their glowing frontman Cinjun Tate.

They are indeed a very special band who posses that little extra something, they treat their audience as something special, they know they have a responsibility to their people. It's the total honesty of their delivery, their fragile vulnerable openness, and when you've witnessed them at close quarters like this you know exactly what Cinjun means when he says he's not just singing for himself but for those who can't sing for themselves but always wanted to. You just know that should you ever need to call on the people in Remy Zero then they will go out of their way to be there for you, they might not actually be able to do anything for you but you know they'll be there to try their hardest... When they tell you it's a privilege to be singing for you you know they mean it. Reference points: well I guess they kind of feel like the euphoria of U2, or the lush crispness of Echo And The Bunnymen, Jeff Buckley. I'll tell you who they are, they're the band you always wanted REM to be - you know that let down feeling you get when you put on an REM album and you really really wanted to get in to it and you're dissappointed to find there's really nothing there and you're bored



after a handful of unforfilling tracks, well Remy Zero are that band you always wanted to discover when you put an REM album on - it's the details, it's the warmth, the personality and tonight when they sing "Save Me" and everyone sings along with great big sharing smiles and raised arms then it really does feel like the roof is lifting - it's a very special moment and everyone here sharing in it will never forget. "Perfect Memory" will be just that - very personal very special musical moments and shared experiences like this make everything we go through to keep Organ going worth it - all the sleepless nights and the battles and the sacrifices. To open up so so much up on a stage like Cinjun does when he sings "Perfect Memory" - a song about the death of his father - its just something very very special. It's a privilege to be part of this audience tonight, and to go back and play their new album The Golden Hum now is to go back and discover layers you just won't find until you've seen and experienced and shared with them live. A very special band, there's so much stength to be found here - a very rare thing, a very special inspirational gig.

TUESDAY: We haven't put a gig on at Kentish Town's excellent Bull&Gate venue for a long long time. Organs have actually been putting on gigs in London on a very regular basis for the last ten years now and in 2001 alone

KENTISH TOWN FRONT LINE....

we must have put on an average of at least a gig or two every single week. But there's only so many drum soundchecks you want to hear, only so many disputes on the door, or bands cancelling at the last minute or equipment being damaged, or singers who tell you the microphone turned into a snake in front of their face and that's why they had to smash it (and leave you with a bill for the replacement), that you can deal with before you go completely insane and start riding around on late night tube trains offering up deranged conspiracies involving fading retro monobrowed brit pop bands and government agencies... So we had a break; it's been about six weeks since we put a gig on and we're feeling fresh and ready to put one

BLACK ART

Sarconbanne

on again tonight and I do like the ol' B&G. There's a decent sound in the Bull&Gate, a decent attitude from the team who run the venue (you feel they actually care about the bands here) and there's a decent chip shop next door. It's a four band bill tonight - **OUR LADY OF MIRACLES** are on first (there are no supports tonight, we've deliberately not announced the running order and the door price is deliberately cheaper for those people who've turned up in time to see the first band - we warned people in advance the price would go up after the first band went on. **OUR LADY** are rather unique and in a world of their very own making - a world of unicorns and fairies, yet not a twee world, and not just some glitter pop thing either. No, there's far more than one dimension here, there's a surface to swim under, **they'll pull you under their torn white wedding dresses and mesmerise you.** (And we're rather impressed with the bass player's Magma tattoo!). **YOUR HIGHNESS** are another female fronted three piece, far more spiky and abrasive and armed with Pixies sharpness and antipersonal thought - Jean Hare is looking and sounding better than ever, there's a cocky confidence now, the angel is out of it's cage and their time could finally be here. There's the aggression of bands like Babes In Toyland, the razor sharp song craft of bands like Pixies, a hey you!, **LOOK AT ME!** swagger that demands your attention. **DESMAN** are going from strength to strength with their left field guitar rock that's kind of Muse/My Vitriol/Placebo flavoured (they got the X factor, they'd be nothing if they didn't have the X factor). John Halo is growing and growing as a frontman - we've told you enough about Desman already, it's time for others to tell you know, we don't want to belabour the point, we believe in them enough to release their records..... **LATCH** are last on stage with their ram-raiding crossover hip-hop flavoured confrontational gang-metal aggression and deck manipulation. They rip shit up and mess with people's heads again tonight and you can forgive them everything when they play like this - a damn fine gig even if we do say so ourselves. We're glowing as we head off for the last tube again.

YOU ALWAYS TRY TO TELL ME HOW TO PLAY MY GAME

WEDNESDAY: Dillinger Escape Plan have been parked up in their tour bus around the back of the Brixton Academy for the last three days now, they've been opening for **SYSTEM ON A DOWN**. We've arranged it with the help of a man called Nik - thanks Nik, though we are dismayed when he bumps into us and tells us he's been speaking to Twist and they've split up. Damn, add them to the list: Earthtone 9 and Sunlounge have both called it quits this week. Like I was saying before bands splitting up rudely interrupted us, we'd arranged to meet Dillinger at 4.00pm (interview somewhere else in this issue). We chat with band for a while - has someone programmed them to name-drop Slipknot as much as they can and avoid our talk of John Zorn and Mr Bungle? It's hard to open them up. Now the System queue is encouragingly receptive after the Weezer experience and we despite the FREEZING cold gale spend a very encouraging four hours talking to thousands of people and selling hundreds of zines (although these days you have

to explain what a fanzine actually is - **where are all the other zines?** so many people claim to be out there writing zines, so few actually are). Seems like word is really out on Reuben, so many people, upon seeing their name on the front of Organ, want to talk about how good they are. Our only problem tonight was not being able to carry enough Organs to the venue to deal with the demand.

THURSDAY night and it's Total Fest Three at the Fulham Kings Head. Now this is my favourite venue in London (absolute non event of an area for food though, plenty of antique shops, **very strange fetish clothing shop**, no edible food anywhere), unfortunately we're caught dealing with tedious record label things and arguing with distributors and frustrating stuff for most of the day - we won't bore you with the frustrating details, let's just say it isn't all glamour running a record label - it means we can't escape the Organ office in time to catch the first two bands on a bill put together by the Total Rock Radio people. **MILLION DEAD** and **PALEHORSE** are two rather exciting, relatively new, adventurous forward looking bands who are pushing at the edges. Frustrating to miss them both tonight, they've both

impressed us in the recent past. We get into the venue just before those **frightening LABRAT boys take to the stage.** It's a

rather good bill tonight, plenty of variety, bands who feed off each other, compliment each other and bring out each others strengths (the total opposite to that one dimensional Loudspeaker bill, Jor or Stoopi would have shone far more on a diverse bill like this). Bands always sound so much better at the Kings Head, why can't they have sound like this in Camden? This has to be the very best place to check out a relatively small band in London. Labrat have been putting in some serious road work since we last encountered them; their blend of thrashingly ferocious hardcore metal is starting to emerge with some personality. Time to take them a little more

666th SCOUT GROUP - BE PREPARED....

seriously than we have done in the past - sure they're still taking the piss out of themselves and everyone else but no more so than other self mocking bands like Orange Goblin. You've still got mad bass player Adam giving it the two finger horn salute at every opportunity like the Ali G of metal that he believes he is - "is it 'cause I's black metal?" They've taken some serious steps forward; the **666th scout group** are sounding far tighter, leaner and meaner as they dish out their aggressive metal-yob sound with a new found vengeance. Find out more via their subtly named website www.labratcunts.com - this is not a band for the faint hearted. **DIE SO FLUID** seemed to have upped the aggression tonight, something to do with

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CAPDOWN



FIVE KNUCKLE/BIG D



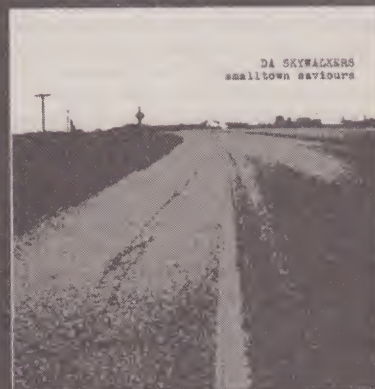
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dealing with being in a Labrat/Ackercoke metal sandwich prehaps? Or are Grog and her gang just getting angry now? Those Slayer style wristbands! Actually we need bills like this, we need different flavours, we need contrasts - bands that can feed off each other and still have something in common. Tonight Die So Fluid win. Having been holding beautiful court and flanneuring (look it up) in the fishtank bar all evening **ACKERCOKE** take to the stage in customary dapper and dandy suites and ties (and salem orchids). For so long now the toast of the UK black metal underground, they're a band with the class and more importantly the colour and musical imagination to really develop into something special - they're already very very good and where as bands like Emperor have been sounding positively restrained by the confines of their chosen genre, Ackercoke are pushing the boundaries and possibilities in a positive way, they could well be the saviours of the decaying black metal movement, they could be the band that drag the genre back to, er, life with their refreshing unpredictability.

FRIDAY: where the hell are we suppose to be tonight? ah yes, Pongmasters Ball over at Shepherds Bush Empire - **OZRIC TENTACLES** and full supporting cast - but wait. **Are we watching/listening to**

Eat Static or Nodin's Ictus? Just where do the Ozrics Tentacles end and their various offshoot bands begin anyway? Nodin's Ictus get a big cheer - pretty much Ozric under another name, all pleasant enough but after the safe third rate space rock/festi food of the band who opened (we

won't bother naming them yet) the whole evening is crying out for something a little more dangerous, a little more challenging. There's a girl dancing around in a long flowing white dress waving antlers around as she swirls, a male with a sword dances with her in a rather twee manner, we're drifting around in a rather bored way amongst largely the soberly dressed pleasant somewhat straight looking crowd - oh for a Poisoned Electric Head or an Ullulator or even Miocene actually playing their Cellular Memory live to kick some life in to the place. The smell of Stonehenge or the madness of Treworgy or Pullens Free Festival is certainly not in here. This is an odd gig, the end of a UK tour, so few travelling fans are here, mainly London locals. The Ozrics are making fine albums, pleasant enough in your own space, but unlike many previous gigs, including a recent superb outing at the Scala tonight is not an event, despite nice sound and a quality light show. We leave early, to save the Ozric experience for another day.

BIG GREEN ARMCHAIRS

SATURDAY: Taking it easy on the gig front today - RoTa at the Notting Hill Arts Centre. The RoTa people put on a free gig every Saturday afternoon and when the Reds aren't kicking off at 3.00pm then it's almost always worth the walk from the Organ office via Portobello Road market (plenty of opportunity to sell zines on the way, as well as checking to see if they need more stock in the Rough Trade shop) up to Notting Hill to check out what they have to offer. It's in a little basement in a modern building; you can sit in the big green armchairs and chat while you lazily wait for a band or two, a relaxed way to spend a Saturday afternoon. Today it's LOWSPARK with their restrained post-rock radio waves and cut up collaged hip-hop/dub flavoured mix of textures. They have a rather good EP called "Incubation" out on Safari right now. (reviewed elsewhere). We're tempted to head off in search of more live music but hey, even we need a break (and some time to write it all down) and there's more tomorrow.

SALOON album "This Is What We Call Progress" (Track&Field) - Rather twee, rather fragile, fluffy and subtle post rock/kraut flavoured girl voiced electronic /acoustic rock thing. A not so exciting/committing/engaging almost folksy Electrolane/Stereolab experience that's pleasant enough without really taking you anywhere that thrilling - it's nice, it's occasionally beautifully delicate, it's relaxing, cleansing - it's nice. www.trackandfield.org.uk or www.saloon.co.uk

MILEMARKER album "Frigid Forms Sell" (Jade Tree) -

After numerous 7" and many years as a band "Frigid Forms Sell" is the third and newest full length from Virginia, USA's Milemarker. This abrasive rock quartet is rooted in the sounds of guitar, bass and drums, whilst also equipping themselves with enough synthesizers to kill the 80's. The record is comprised of several full songs and numerous short keyboard-laden segues with synthesizer sounds that mutate into computer bleeps, and vice versa. The band is tight: the guitars and drums are loud and harsh, and the alternating male and female vocals go between screaming and bouncing along in a similar fashion as the keyboards. Speaking in purely aesthetic terms, the mix is lush and full, and Milemarker get credit for ambition. But beyond the "sounds" of a seasoned band, Milemarker fall short. Ambition doesn't write compelling songs, and "Frigid Forms" feels really cold, impersonal and, well soulless. That's not to say that the record isn't an interesting listen; it's just that I don't feel any fire behind what's going on here. Then again, with song titles like "Sex Jam One", "Sex Jam Two", and "Cryogenic Sleep", I'm not so sure the whole point isn't to make you feel cold. If so, this is a brilliant record; it's just that with a band with such obvious talents as Milemarker, I think they could've made the ice a little easier to swallow. www.jadetree.com www.milemaker.org (Jeff Barsky)

JIM O'ROURKE album "INSIGNIFICANCE" (Domino) - Look,

it's Mr Post Rock himself, Jim O'Rourke, the unofficial extra member of Sonic Youth, here with a new solo album. As always, Jim immediately impresses me with the strength of his tunes and the apparently effortless way that he can write in all kinds of styles from pointy pop-rock, through to Brian Wilson-style stuff, through to inventive and tuneful punk (yes, there is such a thing), through to jazz rock, and even Lambchop-style alt. country. I also love his tendency to always add something a little different and unexpected to the songs he writes and that's particularly evident on this album. So not only can you never take his style for granted from song to song, you can't even do that within an individual song. My biggest complaint is that at 38 minutes and 25 seconds the album feels way too short, like it's finished when it's only just got started but maybe that's the way Jim has to produce his clever, ingenious music, in small doses. Nevertheless, it's certainly one of the best albums of the year so far. www.dominorecordco.com (Ian Fairholm)

PRO-PAIN album "SHREDS OF DIGNITY" (Nuclear Blast) - Pro-

Pain have played their fast and relentless metal onslaught for over 10 years. Heavy and intense, this CD blasts into your ears and just won't let itself be ignored. The 12 tracks were recorded, self produced, and engineered in the band's own Sarasota Florida studio where they continue to make records in an independent setting. On this album, "Down for the Cause" stands out both for its chugging rhythm and the scary guitar solo towards the end of the song. The drumming on "No Way Out" is reminiscent of Slayer or the powerful Stamping Ground. Angry aggressive lyrics are yelled out in a gruff hostile manner, and with song titles like "Lock'N'Load" and "Kill or be Killed" it is easy to imagine the subject matter. Hard music, hard attitudes, and a slice of extreme metal with a hardcore edge that leaves little to the imagination. www.pro-pain.org or www.nuclearblast.de (Katherine Vik)

RAUNCHY album "Velvet Noise" (Drugs/Mighty Music) - Sounds like Crazyhead messing with Will Haven with the help of Rob Zombie and Devin Townsend - hmmm, what gives you the idea that you're so amazing baby.... They're from Denmark, they rock. www.raunchy.dk or www.mightymusic.dk

DOVES album "The Last Broadcast" (Heavenly) Take all the danger and all the edge out of things you've loved - Primal Scream and such - leave a bit of that 'nice' sonic melody, an anthemic rush or two and you've got something that grabs you in a pleasant ear candy way for a short while yet ultimately leaves you wanting far far more - search elsewhere, nothing's left to chance here. Tediously unadventurous in a Coldplay/Travis kind of way.



New single "Little Yellow Mini" out on Bluefire Records July 1st. Mail Order from Website, or check out selected stores in London.

DEADBEAT RADICALS

www.deadbeatradicals.com

GIGS

May 31st Club Noir @ Garage (Upstairs), London.

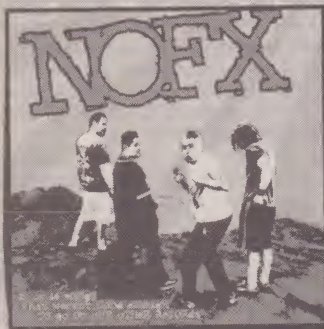
July 7th @ Ambient Picnic-Guildford.

July 23rd @ Club Fandango-Dublin Castle, London.

Other dates TBC.



NOFX



45 or 46 SONGS
that weren't GOOD enough
TO go ON OUR OTHER RECORDS



Fat Wreck Chords
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MORE ALBUMS.....

COAL CHAMBER album "Dark Days" - So now we're suppose to call it Spookycore... they're sounding heavier this time, more aggressive, chunkier. Whatever, at best Coal Chamber's metal is still rather average, still a dreadful band. www.coalchamber.com

SATANIC SURFERS album "Unconsciously Confined" (Bad Taste) More of their disappointingly average and unremarkable polite melodic punk pop - everytime I encounter them I expect more, maybe it's because of their name. Their ideas shine but their music doesn't. www.badtasterecords.se

NOFX/RANCID album "The BYO Records Split Series Vol. 3" (BYO) - Third in a "cohesive series of albums that would mark a place in time, conveying a feeling and a spirit that has, and always will, exist in the underground". Two of the most infamous U.S punk bands sharing space and time on one disc and the twist is that each band has gone into the studio to cover the other's songs. And because each band by now has such a distinctive style it works so well - you know them both by now - the energy is good, this is how it should be - refreshing. BYO, PO Box 67609, Los Angeles, CA 90067, USA. www.byorecords.com - catch copies in the UK via www.plastichead.com

FREEBASE album "My Life, My Rules" (Hard Boiled) Intense guttural scathing dark dark hardcore. The subject matter is bleak, the sound and stance is aggressive - we're talking old school hardcore attitude that's almost a throw-back to the days of Civilised Society, but then those riffs are seriously heavy-weight. No compromise, hardcore brutality for brutal times, their rules and no one else's - this is indeed hardcore all senses. www.hardboiled-music.com www.freebase-ukhc.com Freebase, PO Box 5195, Northampton, NN5 7ZH

EX-CATHEDRA album "2X4" (Tartan) - The first two EPs and a collection of long lost tracks (early 90's) gathered together, dusted down and put out on a nice new shiny CD. Raw and rousing old school skankingly rancid thrashing kicking UK punk rawk for those disciples of that gloriously deconstructed underground Citizen Fish/Blitz/ska sound of urgent defiance, maybe these songs didn't make a difference but at least they didn't just let it pass them by - and that's why they did and still do make that little bit of difference. Real punk rock.... Find out more from Tartan, PO Box 23271, London, SE14 6XB or www.ex-cathedra.co.uk. They have a new album called Forced Knowledge now out on www.moonskaeurope.com

SALVATORE album "Fresh" (Racing Junior) - Infectious breezy-smooth Krautrock flavoured electronica that wafes with a smile this third time around. Post rock happiness. Racing Junior, Grensen 9, 0159 Oslo, Norway. www.racingjunior.com

THE WENDYS album "Six Foot Wingspan" (Starshaped) - An ex Factory records band and don't they just sound like it - that mix of 80's Manc pop and understated psychedelia, that hint of New Order locked on-ness, that side serving of warp. It's alright, it's pleasant, it's almost nostalgic, "Unpainted" particularly stands out - but it's not the Roses, The Smiths or Joy Division so.. Starshaped, 4 Lauriston Farm Rd, Edinburgh, EH4 5YH. www.starshaped.co.uk

TO LEARN album "No War Without Tears" (Age Of Venus) There's some rather colourful, rather different extremities to be found here, on this French outfit's rather rewarding debut album. Well respected within the French hardcore scene, To Learn mix a raw raw blistering hardcore intensity with a constructive evolutionary attitude. Confrontationally brutal yet never burdened with the conservatism that is hardcore the hardcore sound these days - Rykers this band are not. To Learn are both blisteringly and melodic where they need to be - the self questioning of bands like Experiment or Red Animal War mixing with the old school metal extremities of bands like Cro-Mags. The Age Of Venus Records, 54 Route De Vannes, 44100 Nantes, France. You should be able to mailorder via www.plastichead.com in the UK or go direct to www.theage-ofvenus.com

A SMALL GOOD THING album "Slim Westerns Vol 11" (The Leaf Label) - A thrillingly evocative theme to an imaginary western, this is good, this is very good - think sublime Morricone, Calixico, Ry Cooder, open ended soundscapes that never fall into the trap of just drifting. This is never going to be just background music, it's far too attention grabbing/holding for that - do investigate, this is rewarding and recommended. www.asmallgoodthing.com

ABDOUJAPAROV album "Air Odeon Disco Pub" (Spinach) One half of Carter USM on toppest of top form and not in a mess like Georgie Best, hey-ho-let-yerself-go - nowhere near a midlife crisis yet, team Carter are sounding as good as they ever did - he's a dangerous man from.... hey, if you ever loved Carter then you'll love this, excellent version of Mott's All The Way From Memphis... www.spinach-records.co.uk

FIVE POINTE O album "Untitled" (Roadrunner) - A rather interesting sometimes, rewarding mix of current American nu-metal/pimp rock colour... the occasional outburst of brutal heaviness... lush atmospheric keyboard passages... tribal metal and indeed the fluidity of some of the more recent Ozzy Osbourne band outpourings - yep, they're touching all bases and you might just think "oh, there goes another yank nu-metal band, yawn yawn yawn". Yet in these tediously overcrowded, over marketed nu-metal times they actually stand out just a little more than all the Ademas and such.... Freedom is very very Rage Against The Machine, Purity is more Sepultura, they've got hints of Faith No More, moments of Type O or Nailbomb. www.fivepointo.com

"I want to put an end to the ever-popular trend of apathy. I don't want people to be apathetic, I want them to be empathetic. I want people to care and to share and to feel"

One day, in Los Angeles. SHAARI SUE met OTEP – here's what went down in L.A

So the way I always heard it, girls are supposed to be all sugar and spice and everything nice and cuddly and feminine to boot. Although she is probably one of the most beautiful women I have ever met (and not just on the outside), Otep's demeanour, her powerful presence and certainly her raw deep voice add up to one hell of a tough rocker chick girl. Don't get me wrong - this isn't anything nearing an insult, rather I am awed and inspired by this woman, there's a lot learn from her example.

As she is quite open about and quick to tell you, Otep grew up surrounded by abuse and degradation. Yet, somehow, she possessed the strength of soul to turn her physical and psychic pain into artistic expression. From an extremely early age she began drawing and later writing poetry, and eventually, she turned her talents towards musical expression. Otep's vocals and lyrics are haunting, hypnotic, wild, controlled, motivating and frightening all at the same time. I imagine her songs must exorcise at least some of her demons, I know they sure tapped into mine, as I'm sure they will into anyone who pays even the slightest attention to the OTEP collective. Otep's mission to reach out to and heal others (and herself) doesn't end with the music. She's created a web site geared towards fostering a community-like safe haven for everyone and anyone who has ever felt like a misfit in this harsh world. Littered with quotes from Van Gogh, Nietzsche, Kerouac, Gandhi and Nephtys, the website and Otep are far from promoting a self-pity whine fest. Rather, it's a call for self empowerment and responsibility. It's a thing of beauty and profundity. Do yourself a favour check otepsaves.com and Otep's newly released album 'Sevas Tra' out. Now read on and surely you'll get a whiff of this heady scent that has seduced me so Are Otep original?

For sure! Everything that is created has its inspiration but it was very important to me when I started this project that we were going to be uncompromising, and that we were going to be anything but obvious and that we'd follow our muse wherever it lead us. I had to something very personal, private, and vulnerable, because to me what is making art, to me, but a very private and personal event and that needed to be communicated in this project. So, so far, yeah I think we're pretty original. We try to be authentic in what we do. There have been some comparisons, but I find most of them to be pretty superficial, anyhow.

Superficial in what way?

Oh, just every comparison is right on the surface: There's a woman in the band,

so right away they compare us to other bands with women in them. Nothing to do with likeness or genre or anything. People seem to draw a certain comfort from pitting people against each other especially when it comes to women, and that's unfortunate. I don't know if that happens so much in England and Europe.

I think it might within a certain genre...

Well, I get a lot of "well, you're better than..." or "your voice is heavier than this other woman's voice." I don't know, but I don't think people walk up to Jonathon Korn and say: "your voice is heavier than Corey.Slipknot's voice..." So when they make those kind of comparisons between me and other women they just are showing that they just want to see the self-destructive volatile female destroying herself on stage that's all that really matters, that's all they really get out of it. So they make comparisons to someone that might have a similar style in the way she might communicate her message, but no at all on what the message actually is.

Is being a woman in the metal world a hindrance, a help, or do you think it's had no impact?

Uh, geez, I don't know, I don't know how to answer the question because I'm not a man. I don't know how I would be received if I were a man. I probably wouldn't write the same songs... I do think that I get treated differently because I am a woman and not a male vocalist.

How so?

Well, my perception is that I don't get viewed and judged on the quality of my voice, or how hard I work, or what I'm able to do on stage or on record or the things that I write about. I think initially I am just viewed as this oddity, or this freak of nature or "she's good for a girl," or "her voice is deeper than most men, is she real, or is she fake, or is there really another

er vocalist?" When it comes down to it, I think the best way to describe how I feel about being a woman in this genre is: It's like being a very qualified diaper on the active ass of a very glutinous baby. I'm just not treated with respect! I mean they do things like call me baby or darling, which they think is respectful, but instead, it's separating me and segregating me. And not that I necessarily want to be grouped together with them, But I'm an artist and that's what I am beyond anything else. I mean when I die, and this biology turns to dust, all that's left is my art and that's what I want to be judged on. It's ridiculous how superficial the judgement about women artist are: She's too fat, she's too skinny, she's not pretty enough, her breasts are too big or too small, it's all too external. To me, art has always been a very internal experience and a very private one. So, making this transition is difficult. I was born into poverty and violence and I would just sit in my room writing and drawing things for days on end and now to have people judging me on things I was totally unaware of, and putting me into categories that have nothing to do with what's on the inside is just completely bizarre. I've never been out and out disrespected to my face but hopefully with what we do as a band we can break down the paradigms that people accept right now. Even women that are in the genre, a lot of them just take on that same face that they think they should have to: "well, if I just wear this, and say this, and sing like this, I'll reach my audience, because my audience is men and this is what they want or expect" - I don't write music for that reason. I never played any instruments growing up, I haven't received any training, this is just sort of a new challenge.. Maybe some miracle will come out of this and we'll get more and more women into aggressive music, because women are just as aggressive as men. but we are sociologically trained to be these very docile, obedient creatures: "Oh here's your baby, hold the baby"

You want to see sociology in action, just go to any toy store in America and you'll see how we train our young children to be. Boy's toys are all militant and aggressive,

sive, we're training these tiny gladiators and tyrants. You go to the girl's sections and it's all about being servitude and motherhood and being pink and fashion and flash. It's very unfortunate. So maybe, we'll see women who have a hunger for this kind of art who won't see themselves limited by who they think they are supposed to be.

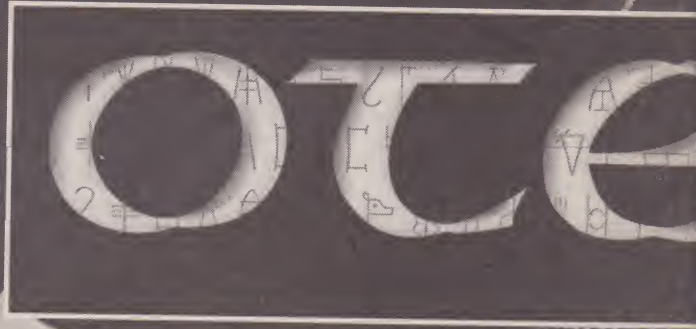
Sorry to have to ask you the 'woman in rock' question...

No, no, no, it's fine. I get it a lot and because there aren't that many women in the genre.

And what would you call that genre?

There is no way to. I wouldn't think there is. We fall into so many different categories, we incorporate so many elements from so many genres. We have double bass drums, we have 'she screams like the devil' - It must be techno. Oh wait! It can't be techno because there's all elements. So there's nu-metal, which is fine,

but there aren't any clever labels yet like 'grunge' or 'acid rock'. Hopefully something really clever will come along. I like Art-Core. That's what I prefer, because I think that's what we do, Art-Core. And without sounding pious or whatever, the whole reason I started this band was so the I could explore something that I had never done, artistically and see what I could do with that. You know, when you are an artist and you're a writer or a painter, it's all very internal. You made experience the same emotions that I experience on stage but it's a much different manifestation. There is this madness that exists and once that beast is brought out of hibernation it is very powerful and very empowering. In order for us to do to well what we do well on stage, it's important for me, for us, to be able to regress into ourselves to use the metaphor of shedding our skin. Find that very primal place, those waters of primordial chaos, the shivering little tiny creature that really is who we are, that runs this mechanism of flesh that we call 'me.' Find that, give it a voice, remember why we wrote this song the emotions themselves and surrender to



them, conjure them up like a phoenix rising. It's painful some times, but oh so powerful and so liberating. It enables me to remove those harmful spirits that are completely uninvited but have been given to me.

Given to you by whom?

From whoever. From whoever it is that gives all of us these things. I was raised in a very volatile atmosphere. I think it shows in my music that I have this sense of betrayal that I am dealing with. I feel like I was betrayed, abused, neglected, blah, blah, blah...whatever. But that's what I think art is for - so I don't absorb it and become that creature that they wanted me to become. It's mental alchemy. I take something heavy and leaden and transform it into something golden. Negative energy just destroys the energy that you can use to create something else. So on stage it gives me the ability to... to give these... these moments of my liberation to people that may need them as well. Sometimes when I connect with our fans, I find that they have all experienced their own personal silent holocaust.

Are those the people that you are a voice for?

I give voice to the oppressed. I think initially I was... I mean I write for me, I create for me, that's where my need, my appetite to create comes from. It's mine, I own that, it belongs to me. But if I can reach someone who has had similar experiences or who is suffering like I have, maybe that's just has feeling of neglect or is a product of violence, than something is working. What we are doing is working. The places we go with our music are working.

I think our music touches people who have a need for something real, something authentic, something sacred without attaching it to organised religion. Something that just feels pure no matter how obscene or aggressive it seems. It's still pure and it's raw and it's able to filter through bullshit sociology and cultural roles and things, and it's primal and goes right to the source. I'm not trying to spoon feed or anything I mean I'm not about "this is how you are supposed to feel, this is how you are supposed to think." I don't have any answers. I get emails from people 13-35 years old they tell me that they found something in my music that they never felt before. That, to me, is

'wow!' You know it blows me away to imagine that something I had written affected a stranger but I think that's what people are searching for right now. An absolute stranger who knows nothing but understands everything. I think that's what people get when they listen to my music.

Are there recurring themes in OTEP's songs?

Hmm, pain, art saves. That's it.

You've just spoken about the spiritual aspects of your music - Do you think there's a place for that in rock?

Oh, absolutely. Music began, in it's very primitive life form, as a way to help enable the holy people of the tribe enter into the spirit world in order to find the answer or the cure or to help navigate them through the world. That's what's music is for I think it has this very religious quality to it. I think part of the part of the problem we have is that we are all searching for a messiah or a saviour, some one to make us feel ok when we're not ok, something to tell us what's right or wrong. That's the function of religion answers and reasons. Music does that. Music has always done that. I just think it's unfortunate that more bands and song writer don't take it more seriously, when in fact it's very serious. You go back 2,000 years to the Sermon on the Mount and you see one man above and all these people screaming down below. Go to Ozfest and you'll see the same thing. You'll see some people lost in ecstasy, whirling dervishes, Sufi dancers, you'll see everything, the great pagan mysteries of antiquity. Right there, in this one eternal moment. This will all go on without them being aware that that's what their

participating in without them even knowing what's going on, they just know that something feels right. They don't feel like they are out of frequency any more: They find their vibration.

A few moments ago you said that you wished artists would be more responsible, what do you perceive that responsibility as being?

An artist's primary responsibility is to be honest. Picasso said that art is a lie that tells the truth. I think that's an important thing. A lot of time you'll find that people in bands do this just because they want the lifestyle. They want the girls (or boys), they want the drugs, they want the money... You don't find a lot of people that for them their music is art. You find a lot of imitators: "oh this worked for Radiohead so I'm gonna sound like this and this worked for..." There isn't enough of the individual in the art, they're just copy catting. When they do that we don't have the ability to absorb their likeness into the collective (to reference the Borg). And it's like "excuse me, who are *you*? What are *you* about?" It's ok to draw on your inspirations, but make it yours. I mean, I'm not telling people what to do or how to think...

But don't you think that people need to be told to think?

How very Nietzschean of you...

No, I mean especially you who uses so many literary references in your music and your speech and on your website...

I think in this climate where thinking is perceived as unpopular, it's not cool to think. In this climate of machinery and people just look at 2 dimensional images all the time and stay very surface. Just float along and wait for the waves to devour you... I think that it needs to be told that it's ok to think. That why my website is inundated with artist quotes, I've Latin and Egyptian ones, from antiquity... I want people to think I want them to be inspired and to go to research as to where they came from. Let them finally feel like they are part of something bigger even if they feel like outcasts within their own environment. So yea, people do need to be reminded to think, it's the internal stuff that counts and that's the stuff you can control. It's such a strange razor blade that I walk because I don't want to spoon-feed people, but I do want to inspire them. I want to put an end to the ever-popular trend of apathy. I don't want people to be apathetic, I want them to be empathetic. I want people to care and to share and to feel like they are important. Mainly because I never did and I know where that can take you, not a very good place. But art can take you right out of there.

When you're writing is it therapeutic for you? And if so, is it more therapeutic as you are writing or in retrospect?

That's a good question-I never thought of it that way...Of course it's therapeutic. But I didn't realise until adulthood that that's why I was doing it. When I was two years old and I would draw it had more to do with discovering my physical body and what I could do (oh, I have fingers!) But I didn't understand my appetite for it. But it's always different: The most perfect I



ever feel is when I am writing or when I am on stage. Otherwise, I just don't feel comfortable in my skin it's like I don't belong. When I'm creating everything is just quiet and peaceful. When I'm on stage it's still quiet, but violent...

Do you mean quiet on the inside or quiet on the outside?

Yea - but like I said it's very important for us to regress when we are on stage and sometimes I will lose all sense of time and where I'm at and I will surrender to the music and I'll see this digital fire swirling everywhere... And when the set is over people will be like "oh my god, you cut yourself, you beat yourself and you're bleeding and uh..." and I just don't remember it, I just don't. Which is a shame because I really would like to experience those things. So when that's happening there is just this calm that's on the inside.

In song writing are there any topics that are off limits?

No. Absolutely not, I may change names, but all topics are fair game. Nothing is off limits for art, as long as it's sincere. You do find people who will do things for shock value and for "look! I'm scary" or "look! I'm really demented!" But I think you can sense that. But no, I try not to put any limitations on what I write or how I write. In our band everyone comes from different backgrounds: geographically, how we were raised and even musically. The one thing we have in common is that we are all hungry for our art and we are all survivors of something. Our bass player has jazz-rock-techno-hippie influences, our guitar player has industrial to grunge to death metal and the drummer is a jazz fusion drummer so basically he can play anything. And that's the thing too, if they have ideas it they may not fit with what I have in mind for that particular song, but I definitely want them to hang on to that drum beat or riff so we can work them in somewhere else.

You talk a lot on the website about the concept of 'truth' and the search for 'truth.' Where do you seek truth and how do you define it?

Truth? Where do I seek it? Well, I search for it within myself. As for what it is, well, the only truth I've known is suffering. It's the purest, truest thing that I have ever felt. So I know that it's not going to lie to me or deceive me in any way. Pain is real, pain is truth.

Are you saying that there is a comfort in that?

Sure. Absolutely. I was cultivated in pain. Now I don't have that pain and sometimes I miss it. And now those people who hurt me aren't around me anymore. It's very important to me to pour all that into art, because, you know, otherwise I become what they wanted me to be. If I surrender to that... You know, love is such a bizarre thing because who knows what love really is? Who's ever really been in love? But every knows what pain is and what it feels like - that's truth.

As far as truth in art, I think it's important for artist to lace their creations with tiny reminders of themselves so we get a sense of who they are, what's real about them.

Rituals seems important to you, can you talk a bit about there place in music?

Music is a very sacred thing. Music, for me, is such a healing thing. I think Performances should be rituals. When we are on stage, we could be back 3,000 years ago. I shared on the website about some amazing visions I had during the last Ozzfest where you could almost smell the temple fires burning and the ritual incense, coming down out of the temple and I could almost hear the Pretorian guards coming to take us away because we were challenging Greek society...

You know I get a lot of flack from Christians who think I am anti-Christ or a Satanist or whatever. It's just that I don't particularly lapse onto any organised

religion. I think they are all just ways of trying to decipher the unknown and figure things out. Which is what I'm doing, but with music. To me, art was the only god that made any sense. So now music is my religion and performance is how I worship that god. That's ritual. And I hope that people find holy and sacred in that. And you know, so many gifts have been given to us, as a band, by god and by the Muse. Our musical career is going so well, some where, some thing is appreciative of what we've gone through and of our message. If we stop respecting that muse, it will all be gone. And I don't want that, I want immortality. When this body lay rotting I want my art to live forever. Maybe I won't have been the best at what I did but my passion and my intention is overwhelming, my love my addiction to it... It is my responsibility and my band's responsibility to always respect that muse and never lose sight of this Mecca. Once/If we do that, than everything is lost.

What is Freedom?

Freedom is a pen.

Otep's debut album is out any moment now, it goes to places that others don't begin to scratch at, metal with depth when for most these days it's a shallow fashion statement/marketing exercise, that's why we're more than happy to fill our time and space with Otep - take the time to find out more from www.oteptsaves.com



RACHEL STAMP

album "Oceans Of Venus" (Stirling) - We needed a killer album, we got it. Up until now, the very best Rachel Stamp recordings were to be found way back on the original scratchy lo-fi demo tape that caused all the initial interest in the first place - that is, until the metallic K.O of second track "Les Oceans De Venus" changed everything. Until the moment when that second track kicked in in such a forceful demanding way Rachel Stamp had failed to really really truly deliver - sure their records have been good, there's been great moments, but until that second track kicked in and nailed it right up there we've all had our nagging doubts... Rachel Stamp at last have made that slightly crazed killer of an album to back up all the great gigs and all the glitter chaos. "Black Cherry" is the best Kiss song ever - nailed-on confrontational and completely and utterly in your face, smudging your make up and pushing you down in the gutter. This is razor sharp, stiletto sharp - just the right trashy cocktail of 70's biting glam sleaze, 21st century hard edged modern sounding metal and just that hint of knife twisting back-stabbing pop. Don't get the idea that it's all throwaway either, there's depth in their shallowness this time. David knows he's a cliché, he delights in it; Will Crewson still wants to be in Warrior Soul; Shoanna drips all the glitter dust and extra colour with her fizzing keyboards and synths; Robyn 'best drummer in England' Guy glues it all together. "Permanent Damage" is Cheap Trick, "Twisted" is just that: deranged, firestarting, cheap and nasty stomping punkoid romo-glam. Metallic S&M chic, glorious outrageous cliché after cliché, sleeping with the angels, waking up with the living dead - infectious (almost gothic) pop metal flamboyance that Marilyn would kill for... Rachel Stamp finally did the lot, the antidote to all that pseudo angst and fake dysfunction that's cluttering up rock..... yeah - it's good, they did it at last.

CORNERSHOP

album "Handcream For A Generation" (Wiiija) - Ah yes, it could be no one but Cornershop. We're a long way from the days of Ford Cortina and Cornershop have such a distinctive sound now - yet it sounds so unexpectedly different in places - their fresh grooves, their subtle moves sideways, their soul - subtle is the key word, the subtle glow, the refined sunshine, a triumph and confident sound - like they don't need to do it for anyone but themselves. There's a freedom here - there's so much heart warming ground covered - turntablist action, feel-good soul, classic Cornershop moments like the cracking, very Eastern 14 minute "Spectral Mornings" (featuring Noel Gallagher and absolutely nothing to do with the gorgeously beautiful Steve Hackett instrumental... hmm, anyone fancy doing a bit of creative mixing?) Cornershop have come a long way whilst retaining and re-inventing their uniqueness: Tjinder Singh and his team are sounding as creative and challenging as ever. Another fine Cornershop album. www.cornershop.com

MORE ALBUMS.....

HELS FORNANDER "Hels Fornander" (5734) - Rewarding experimental progressive electronic minimalist earfood from Silverlake, LA. You know, in our part of Notting Hill, here in West London, we're surrounded by record companies and such, so a glance in the rubbish bins can often be rewarding. Found this rather colourful CD demanding to be rescued the other day, cleaned the bits of food wrappers off it and found a refined, frothing world of analogue synths, enchanting sitars, vibraphones, Chapman Stick and violins - kind of thing that would have pricked up ears in the Poodle Lounge of Club Dog back in the days of the George Robey. Exotic progressive dub of an Ullulator/Oroonie/Nodin's Ictus nature that flows with it's world rhythms, experimental jazz and Eastern modes. They have a healthy disdain for 'factory-presets' and 'looping samples', instead creating something far more unique and individually crafted. Rewarding... 5734 Recordings, 2219 Allesandro Way, LA, CA 90039, USA www.hels.com

NPB "This Is My Happening And It Xxxxx Me Up" (CGG) - It started out with a track that was like a Big Country demo instrumental sketch of an idea, and I waited around for something to happen..... it didn't. The second track sounded like some kind of Inxs get all dusty and lo-fi in the desert and they kept repeating the scuzzy riff and the lame vocal line with nowhere near enough attitude to pull it off, it started to sound like lots of things but nothing we really wanted to talk about that much. I noticed a fly crawling up the wall, bit early for flies.... shall I go make some coffee, maybe that will kick out the.... Think I'll bury this in the back garden and if anyone asks I'll say it never got here, must have got lost in the post - goddamn post office, they lose everything. What a non-event of an album.

SEVEN STOREY "Dividing By Zero" (Deep Elm) - Intelligent, challenging indie guitar music, a contradiction, I know, but Seven Storey have a warm, captivating, emotional spirit, yeah yeah, alright, it's a slow burning emocore thing (I was trying not to use the E**core word again). Textured simplicity, a dynamic tension in their restraint and their cleverly orchestrated graceful rage - they talk of melancholy anti-ballads - angular yet always smooth and graceful. Ten beautiful rock songs - dare I say, as if Rush were to get the restrained uplifting emocore vibe. Recommended. Deep Elm, PO Box 36939m Charlotte, NC 28236, USA. www.deeplm.com

ANGEL DUST "Of Human Bondage" (Century Media) Fourth album since the legendary cult metallers returned to the fray after a ten year break, sixth in all. The Dortmund power metal outfit are sounding better/stronger than ever with their bombastic techno thrashing that's edged with operatic gothic progressiveness. They manage to churn out power metal without sounding dated and silly when most of the others do, and with tracks like Unreal Soul they're not afraid to take a risk or two. It's strictly a Heavy Metal thing - haven't heard a better Metal album in ages. www.centurymedia.net

BRANDTSON "Dial In Sounds" (Deep Elm) - An introspective, lush, inward-looking hopeful emotive delicate indie rock album. Tight and melodic rock, outright pop songs from the uplifting Cleveland Ohio outfit. Pronounced "Brant-son" not "Brand-ston" so don't go getting in a pickle. Brandtson have made thoughtful, diary-honest songs that rise out of the hardcore ashes - like we've said before, there's a certain quality that you come to expect with a Deep Elm release - they're a label who haven't let us down yet. www.deeplm.com

MALOMBRA "The Dissolution Age" (Black Widow) - A brave fusion of Gothic drama and progressive avant-garde that could be rather good twisted operatic metal if it wasn't for the production. Fronted by what sounds like a gothic jester-like madman called Mercy, it's a never-renting wall of gothic thrash, frantically insane keyboards, fairground darkwave and operatic metal - actually despite the production, it is insanely good. www.blackwidow.it

ROLLERCOASTER album "High Society"(Suitside) - Fuzzed out keyboard driven acid fused analogue psychedelic blues edged garage rock. Think retro Motorpsycho, Think Hives, The Cramps, The Stones - it's an underground cult thing from the pigeon toed orange peel or at least Alice In Wonderlands with Suzie Creamcheese. They're from Italy and it's like '71 all over again or something. <http://move.to/rollercoaster> www.suitside.com

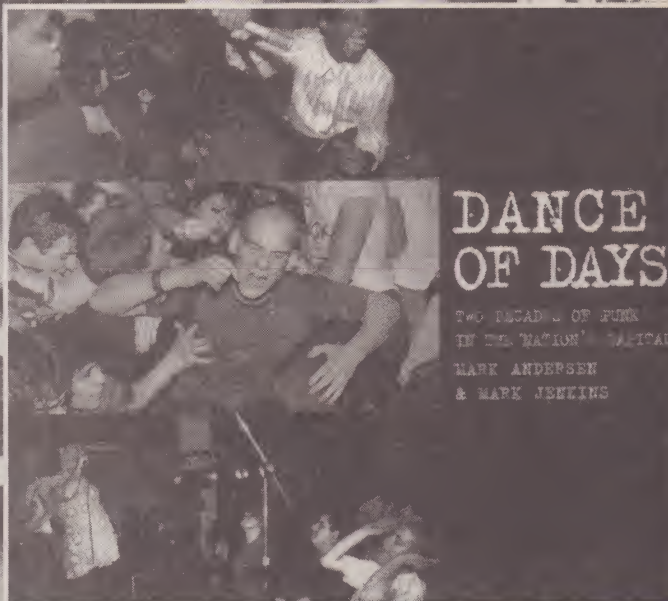
IKARA COLT album "Chat & Business" (Fantastic Plastic)

- Highly strung, that's what they are, it's almost a fake ideal and they could so easily fall fall fall - but then we need a new Fall so so much and no way is your mum ever going to say I like that Ikara Colt, they sound like Rod Stewart. Almost everything is too polite, Travis are out there for godsake! This is wired, it's fractured, it not meant to be understood, it's not meant to crossover. This sounds like a work of insane genius, though it does sound like they're still trying to figure out the genius of their wired wired musical insanity. Look, it's simple, they're the new Fall, we need a new Fall, the last one can't possibly go on much longer, enjoy the old one while you can and celebrate this one tooooooo - and don't go thinking we talking clones here, there'd be no point, Ikara Colt are one of the finest new bands we have around right now. www.fantasticplastic.co.uk or www.ikaracol.com

DEAD INSIDE

live - Notting Hill Arts Club - Well, with the

fare on offer today I expected the place to be packed to the gills; a free gig by one of the finest emerging UKHC bands (they have a pedigree, too, these people have served time in fine bands like Broccoli, Hard To Swallow and Annalise), whilst sandwiched in-between Dead Inside and openers Econoline is a rather interesting spoken word thing from author Mark Anderson. We missed Econoline, but then this is a Saturday afternoon gig, and Saturday afternoons are for far more important things like Football (it's only the fact that the Reds have kicked off at 12.00pm at Lescicster that's allowed us to fit in both the match and the gig today). So Dead Inside are on tour with DC punk activist Mark Anderson and arts writer Mark Jenkins. The two Marks are co-authors of DANCE OF DAYS - a rather fine looking book that documents two decades of punk in the U.S capital city. A flyer for the event - shame the flyers didn't actually get out a bit more rather than just being left on the door on the day of the event - the flyer reads "(the two Marks) will be burning the British byways armed only with their wits, a compilation of vintage DC punk live footage, and a documentary on the



birth of Riot Grrrl - "Don't Need You" by Kerri Koch. They invite all to join them in discussing DC punk, the permanent underground, the scary state of our world and how why 'now' is always more important than 'then'. The video footage seems to attract more attention than the actual spoken word section or the performance from Dead Inside. The talk is pretty much an exercise in stating the obvious and you can't help but think it would have been far more useful to hear it delivered to the System On A Down audience over at Brixton last week. There's a collection of old faces from the days of Riot Grrrl's more mainstream moments and such (interesting to see who stuck to their guns and who didn't really - one of the UK grrrl bands, who really did put a lot into the scene, dryly muses that it can't be a riot grrrl event because Everett True isn't actually here giving his permission - we of course couldn't comment, after all careless talk costs). The thing that sticks out here is just how fragmented things are in 2002 - no one here seems to be aware of the Gathering of The Thousands festival that's happening in London tomorrow - questions like, no that's not what happened, what about the things bands like Crass were doing, the UK anarcho/festival scene - the message is right though, none of this really matters, it's what's happening now that really counts and as fine as the book looks (I haven't had time to explore the copy we brought yet). The message is the same one you've heard from these pages a million times - **GET INVOLVED, DON'T ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE A HELPLESS CONSUMER OF PRODUCT.**

Dead Inside are abrasive, urgent, concise, slightly angular and ultimately thrilling, their music is played with a refreshing looseness that's almost a throw-back to a less harnessed, rule choked set of Hardcore times and bands like Experiment - they do indeed have some of the spirit of those classic DC bands like Fugazi and well it to the power of say Assert. They blast through an energetic, aggressive set of thrashing relentless hardcore that works so well in here - there's no stage in the Notting Hill Arts Centre, we're in a basement where the band perform at one end of a room whilst eyeballing the audience straight on a floor level. Dead Inside are sharp and the five piece reinforce the message of now being the important time - it's a shame a few more didn't stick around or indeed turn up in the first place. The latest Dead Inside release can be found at www.fireflyrecordings.com - their latest album was reviewed in the last issue of Organ, the review can also be found on line on the Organ pages at www.organart.com **P.T.O.**

Sarcophagus "For We..."

So let me type out what it says in this POSITIVE FORCE DC leaflet I picked up from Mark Anderson (whilst selling him an Organ - he insisted on paying for it): "Positive Force is an active group that works for radical social change, personal growth and youth empowerment. We organise benefit and free concerts, demonstrations, teach-ins and work directly with needy people. We are not dogmatic. We are about a spirit of flexible, creative rebellion that has room for many specific beliefs. Apathy, ignorance, conformity and greed are our common enemies. Co-operation and tolerance are far more important to us than any self righteous idea of purity. We believe in the power of people to change the world and the right to all to live as they wish, provided that they are not preventing others from being able to do so.

We are a collective of diverse individuals united in promoting a world free of racism, sexism, homophobia, militarism, violence, classism, hierarchy, ageism, excessive consumerism, economic inequality, censorship, and discrimination against disabled people. We seek a world where we are all guaranteed basic rights like adequate food, shelter, health care, education and employment at a living wage. We also encourage people to move towards simple, communally orientated lifestyles that are free of chemical abuse and show respect for the Earth and all life. Our communal house is an attempt to put these ideas into action. We don't seek to supply easy ideas, but to suggest important questions.

Positive Force arose from the punk underground, but we are about far more than 'alternative' music. We promote active, responsible, thoughtful and compassionate alternative lifestyles. In the end, it is what each of us does, and not what we say, that really counts. Our lives become the most powerful protest imaginable. If we refuse to be trapped by the lies, poisons and escapes of our society, if we refuse to become stagnant, complacent or uncaring, we have a chance to make real difference, a chance even, to radically change our world as we change ourselves. If we throw away that chance, if we take the easy way out, how will anything ever change? Revolution can start now, it can start with each of us... if we want to. We endorse no political party or leader - just ideas like the possibility and preciousness of life, the power of music, of expression, of young people working together to build a better life. What about you?" More details from www.positiveforcedc.org *ISOLATION IS THE BIGGEST BARRIER TO CHANGE*

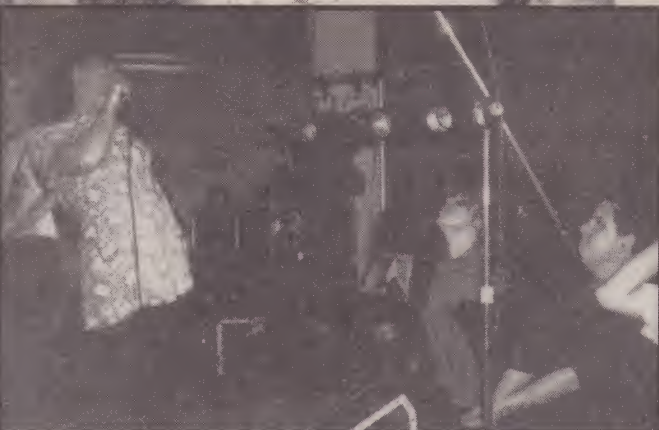
DANCE OF DAYS - book Mark Anderson/Mark Jenkins (Soft



Skull Press) - Now like I just explained up there, I only just got this book, bought it yesterday at RoTa and I really haven't had time to really really explore it yet - we're in the last week of cramming our heads with information to bring you in the shape of Organ 74, there's not enough hours in the day - what I have managed to grab from this packed 420 odd pages of DC punk rock history suggests that it truly is a compelling read, indeed (as Eric Brace from the Washington Post has already pointed out) a powerful piece of cultural reporting that deserves to be read by more than just the punk rock world. This is a book that really does appear to study Washington DC's highly influential politically insur-

gent punk scene with depth and authority. Covering one of the most fertile and influential punk undergrounds of the 1980's and 90's the good looking book details bands like Bad Brains, Henry Rollins, Minor

Threat, Rites Of Spring, Fugazi, Bikini Kill - examining the roots and effects of PMA, Straight Edge, (find out about that Teen Idols show where those X's on hands first appeared) Riot Grrl, Positive Force, movers like Dischord records. Packed with illustrations, flyers, adventures, what we have here is an important historical document, a book that almost certainly should sit up there with the ultimate music history book so far, England's Dreaming (a book that should be compulsory in all schools, a book that does accurately document Punk Rock,



and especially the Sex Pistols, from an English perspective). Dance Of Days (title taken from an Embrace song - no not that band for god sake, the U.S punk band, the brit pop fuckwits weren't even clued up enough to know who they'd stolen the name off) - anyway, Dance Of Days appears to be an essential read, indeed a vital read. The two Marks look to have done a fine fine job documenting an important era of punk rock/underground history... but remember, NOW is always more important than THEN - so what are you going to do today, why not get involved and create your own history. How are you going to track down this book - not sure if it's available in the UK. Try Soft Skull Press, 107 Norfolk Street, New York, NY 10002, USA or www.softskull.com or www.danceofdays.com - hang on, it's been sighted at the brilliant Helter Skelter bookshop at 4, Denmark St, London - www.helter.skelter.demon.co.uk

IF THE KIDS ARE UNITED - book

- Tony Hill (Phoenix) - How many times have I told you there's only one thing more important than music? You know I bleed red and so this book looked just perfect. Front cover has a ticket stub for a United V Everton game from 85 next to a ticket from an early Jesus And Mary Chain gig at Nottingham Rock City - I was almost certainly at both (can't see the date on the Mary Chain ticket so I can't be sure) and the picture on the front of the young kid in his red shirt could well be me. United really have scarred me for life, claimed far too many of my days, given me the highest of highs and the lowest of lows (I wouldn't have missed any of it) so this had to be a book for me. It's actually the memoirs of a Red growing up in an East Midlands pit village - now before you armchair Chelsea fans from Bournemouth start bleating about glory hunters who don't come from Manchester - any kid growing up in Nottinghamshire in the late 70's early 80's had a far more successful team to latch on to than the faltering sides of Sexton and Atkinson (alright, until he screwed around just a little too much, Doc's Red Army were irresistible) - Clough and his Forest side were hauling in trophies at the time (and that 4-0 tearing apart they inflicted on the Reds still hurts, never quite seen United pulled apart like that, don't think I ever will again, it could not get worse than that day). No, like I've pointed out before, you don't choose your team, your team selects you and if it REALLY matters then that is that. There are some vivid moments here, football, music, punk rock, Hillsborough - heroes like Busby, Scargill, Robson, John Squire, Cantona. There's hilarity, the constant search for that cup final ticket, poignant recollections of the 70's that don't quite convey the all consuming passion - that first ever entrance into Old Trafford at ten to three is something you can never ever forget - the Stetty in full voice, the Scoreboard coming back, the paddock adding their own voice, everywhere a red wall - for me it was a Norwich game in 73, I can remember every second of the experience right up to three o'clock - the noise, the anticipation, the smell, the red wall, Denis Law laughing at the chants as he warmed up - can't remember a thing about the game other than we won 1-0 and that the Stratford End insisted Trevor Hockey was a werewolf... it's almost captured here, almost - maybe you never can put it on paper, no you probably can't, Tony Hill almost pulls it off. Almost - with the Hillsborough recollections, he actually does. Where Tony really does come to life is in his recollections of Hillsborough and to a lesser extent the miners strike - the real world of a midland pit village and the almost mythical world of Old Trafford. It's very laddish, it's a sometimes rewarding alternative take on Red life. I can really associate with the frustration in what the Old Trafford experience has become - offer me a ticket for any away match and I'm there, take me to see the reserve team on a Monday night in the Worthless cup but what have they done to the heart and soul of Trafford Park? There's a whole generation who will never get to experience what Tony Hill and others have. So here it is, 200 pages of going to games, punk rock concerts, trying to get tickets for finals, losing those tokens! blaming yourself for not wearing your lucky socks. A book that's well worth your time - a rather personal social document of a working class football era and pit village life that is almost lost in these £35.00 a ticket if you ever get a chance to get one times. Ask www.sportspages.co.uk if they have a copy.

DICK HILL

DIEHARD

Sarcophagus "For We"

ignition

www.ignitiononline.co.uk

The IGNITION team have a rather tasty set up - a quality underground distro service, a very fine record label and an all round on-the-case Hardcore DIY outlook and attitude. Remember now, Hardcore should be more about an attitude than anything and the evolving Ignition set up is rather inspiring. We like what they're doing lots and lots and we recommend further investigation. There's some impressive music to be found on their wholesome label. This is certainly one of the more rewarding place to go and find yourself some fine releases from some of the more caring underground labels and bands from all over the globe (if for some strange reason you haven't picked those Appleseed Cast Low Level Owl albums then this is the place to go--those albums are life changing!) The Ignition team is a collective of like-minded people who have come together through their love of Hardcore - with the main ones involved being David - Bossy, Syd - Label, Milo - Distro/Mailorder, Claire - Distro, Richard - Design/Layout, Owen - Web-site, Phil - Tour Booking. So to ignite your curiosity we fired off a couple of questions:

Introduce us to Ignition, you self-confessed hardcore-obsessed kids - what's it all about, what are the aims? Why?

We've all been into (obsessed with) hardcore for ages, some of us have been in bands, and some of us just love the music. It kind of started with us wanting some of the more underground hard to get American stuff to become more available so we started the distro. This was mainly mailorder and running stalls at shows in the beginning, then we got the web-site running and the distro just grew and grew. We knew some really cool labels from our earlier activities, like Scene Police from Germany, and once we started building up stock we just did more and more trades and got to know more people. David used to run the zine BHP and we'd all been into hardcore for a long time and the opportunity was there to just do something a bit more serious. The aims now encompass many things - we have the label and we want that to grow and be a reliable resource for bands to come to for help with releases and such. Then we'd like to explore other ideas such as maybe publishing different kinds of books and zines. We're also involved in booking tours and providing as much info as we can to the hardcore scene. The overall mentality was always kind of backed by us all agreeing that there weren't enough places for kids to go and check out and get good records but also find out more about the bands.

So is it a label that has evolved out of your distro or did the label come first?

The distro was first and that obviously fuelled us all with the enthusiasm to do more with our obsession! We did actually intend on starting a magazine before going down the 'record label' route. When Syd got involved, the idea of running the label became the right way to go. It was touch and go at first, but as most bands in the scene are so friendly, we were able to get good feedback from some great bands straight away. We decided to start with a compilation of twenty of our favourite bands (both well known and unknown). The idea with the compilation was basically to try and put together something that represented the music that we're about and also to try and represent our feelings with regards to releasing great music. We really benefited from the contacts we had built through the distro and it gave us a grasp on where to take the label with regards to promotion and distribution. We have some pretty awesome bands on the label now and have over twenty releases.

Would you be comfortable with me calling you an emocore operation or is that far too lazy?

That tag might have been more easily applied to the record label at first, but we've since broadened, and the distro was never really limited to just that 'emo' style. Most of us are very into emocore stuff but we like loads of different types of music that can be found within the very broad hardcore genre. The distro goes even further really and we now stock everything from hardcore, punk, emo, grind, crust, metal, punk. A lot of the bands on the first few records we released could easily come under the label, Emocore, as that's exactly what they are and they're great at it. Now though, we release records that really come under completely different genres like the new Chamberlain CD which is country/rock despite their post-hardcore roots and new releases by xCanaanx which is straight-edge metal and Urotsukidji and Tidal who are both screamed metallic hardcore. It's not like we're losing identity, we simply release records we think are great and bands we want to support and their seems to be an acknowledgement of that within the scene. You rarely find people in the scene that like one style alone but whether they do or not we'd like to think they dig at least some of our records even if it's because they're just a good band regardless of how you pigeon hole them.

Who should people be getting excited about right now? If you were to tell people to check out three new bands then who would they be?

Well, assuming this is a fairly open question it makes sense to tell you about some of the bands we are working with, basically because they're great! The three that spring to mind the most are from pretty different styles but all getting a lot of atten-

tion. The first is a band called **CROSSTIDE**, from Portland, USA and play accomplished, driving emo/rock. People seem to really dig their sound, they're like a cross between Jimmy Eat World and Texas Is The Reason but have a different kind of vocal that's very similar to Radiohead and Muse. We've had a lot of interest from Europe and they are already doing pretty well in the states, we're pleased to be co-releasing their next album in May!

The next band is **TIDAL**. They're an incredible screamo/ metallic hardcore band from Germany. There is so much good stuff coming out of Germany right now from metal to emo, but Tidal are one of the bands we get the most interest about and that goes for the distro and the label. Their first full length 'Moment' was released on Per Koro, the vinyl version came out on Ape Must Not Kill Ape who are linked with Ebullition in the states and they seem to be into them as much as us! The new split 12" EP has just come out on Ignition and it marked a turning point for us to broaden out and try new styles. It was a good move musically and also helped get kids that like of that sort of thing, interested in what we're doing.

Last, but not least, is a new UK band from Ashford, Kent called **UROTSUKIDOJI** (named after the Manga film). Their style is very much in keeping with the name, as it's intense metallic/hardcore like a hybrid of Shai Hulud, Zao and Planes Mistaken For Stars. This was such an exciting release for us as we quite literally followed this band right from the beginning. They've been playing relentlessly and have worked hard to get a solid line-up and have played with some of the regulars of the metal/hardcore circuit like xCanaanx and Herod. They're packed with ideas and enthusiasm and get better every time we see them play. Loads of local kids are really starting to follow what they're doing and they are hoping to take that a step further when they go on their upcoming tour with xCanaanx to Belgium. We were really proud to release their split CDEP with Winter In June - another great upcoming band from the UK (who we'd love to tell you about too but you only allowed us 3!). We again like to think we've branched out with this release as it's a heavier kind of sound for the label and the start of us supporting UK bands a little more, something we always intended to do.

Your distro outlet is a good source for those Deep Elm releases - are

Deep Elm just about the best label in the world right now or what?

They have certainly released some of the best emo records of the last few years. Rather than the best label in the world (which is something you can probably never really say considering how many great bands and labels there are), Deep Elm are definitely one of the most important and proactive in the scene. There always seemed to be an element of good timing with the label, as they started to introduce a style that although had a refreshing and new kind of sound, it was basically a revisit to emotional based hardcore. A style that was one the defining genres in the scene in the early to mid 90's. The exciting new bands that started emerging like Planes Mistaken For Stars, Brandtson, Camber, The Appleseed Cast and Cross My Heart, all had releases on Deep Elm and featured on their successful Emo Diaries series. That Emo Diaries series played a big part in, if not defining emo, then bringing it to the forefront. Deep Elm are a good place to look for an example if you're looking to start a label. What they're notoriously good at is promotion and getting the bands and releases heard. In the end though it always comes down to the quality of the bands and their roster is a pretty amazing. Some people maybe think they've had their peak and in some ways that could be true. It would take a lot to find the likes of PMFS and Appleseed Cast all over again but what those people perhaps don't realise is that Deep Elm have done that now. Hopefully for them they can concentrate on releasing music they love for any band they like of any style they want, which is a place most labels would want to reach. Let's face it, the label speaks for itself now, really and as long as the releases remain solid. They have done a lot of the hard work and can focus on the creative stuff. Just to let you know, we work quite closely with Deep Elm. Apart from stocking all their releases in the distro we also have the new singles from Dead Red Sea (Ex - Cross My Heart) and Planes Mistaken For Stars on Ignition.

Contact Ignition and find out more at 1 Chandos Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, TN1 2NY, UK or visit the very good website at www.ignitiononline.co.uk

ignition

www.ignitiononline.co.uk

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN HALO

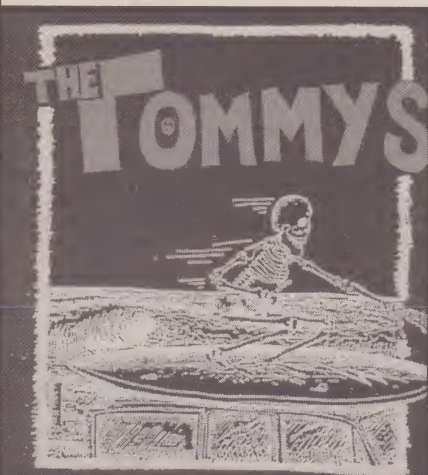
So we asked DESMAN frontman John Halo to tell us who is exciting him and here's what he came up with....

DC MOLINA - LIVE - BULL&GATE, LONDON - It is a dark room that awaits the band's start. An odd mix of cool looking people, school children from Germany, and just about every other kind of misfit, stands in silence. An awkward silence. When DC Molina begin, I feel so excited, I can't stop moving. They have a drummer that is standing up! With a guitar! Playing on just a snare, floortom and cymbals! AND a drum machine! And the noisiest, most distorted guitars this side of Sonic youth. They instantly remind me of The Jesus and Mary Chain, of course, in better, cooler ways. But there's more to it than that. Tonight, it's as if the NYC cool of the early 80s wasn't murdered by Reagan, yuppies, tofu and Miami Vice. In a parallel universe, things only got better, boy bands never existed, punk rock evolved. Into this. The beauty of this divine noise is sometimes unbearable, and I want to cry. It seems all the good things about my favourite bands are for the first time present in one room. It is too perfect. But it's real. Intelligent rock noir. Oh. Did I mention that these guys look unfeasibly cool? Like you didn't expect it by now, these lucky sods look like a page off the book of cool. The stance, the look, they have it. And "I love my name and this shrink" will be an anthem for millions. What more can I say? Find out. www.dcmolina.20m.com

CRACK VILLAGE - Live: Sonic Mook Experiment@93 feet east, London - First of all, I am required to say that as a rule, I am not a hip-hop fan in the least, although I have, in the past, fallen in love with some forms of it. Public Enemy, the Wu-Tang clan, Dead Prez, and the like, have always touched me for their defiance of what I, myself, considered the genre to be. It is obvious from the get go that these people tonight know what they are doing. It is all in place, as it kicks off to a packed room, full of self important media toadies dressed in the usual Shoreditch rags that cost thousands. But these idiots are not central to this story. In an evil tattered military ensemble, Kid Shifty, Cool Kid Fresh and P\$Money walk the stage like caged animals, in an awesome atmospheric way, surrounded by the very sexual, and at the same time angelic, voice of dominatrix clad Baby Bo, whose jazzy voice is nothing short of spectacular. The honest material of the lyrics, combined with the sheer rage, dexterity and yes, charm of the 3 MCs ensures that the rap bit is off with no hitch. The melody of their singer is impeccable, and every man in the room wants her to teach him a lesson, and some of the women too it is great music, done perfectly, and I am pleasantly surprised, I really like it. And, they can churn out prince-like melodies, at which point I am a fan! We need to believe that the village can pull it off, its like punk-rap, hardcore hip-hop, and sex rolled together. Crack that whip, we've been very bad boys.

THE SUFFRAJETS - LIVE @ METROS, OXFORD ST., LONDON - That these girls are young is of no importance, that there are 3 of them is a mere detail, that they come from Essex shouldn't concern anyone. No, what matters is that they are good. They open, in this small venue filled with music biz types smelling new blood, with a blistering number, ripe with punk attitude, and segue into two songs that show how much they can teach the older (and perhaps theoretically) more experienced bands. Arcane is a terrific track, perhaps my personal favourite, and the chorus is sooooo good! It all builds up naturally, always a pleasure, no artifice here. So we come to Hello world, also one of their high points, and the show keeps rocking. Just when I think these little girls couldn't possibly keep this up for much longer,

they launch a missile attack with rock, real alternative rock, with no shame or restraint. A treat. Their EP, hold These Eyes, comes out may 6th, and if you like it hard and angry, get it here. I went go into any obvious comparisons with other female groups, because they're silly. You don't compare bands with boys in them to each other on the basis of gender, so why do it here? The Suffrajets know their way round a riff, a melody and a beat. So, what else matters? Fresh. Cool. Brilliant.



**FRY UP RECORDS PRESENT AUSTRALIA'S
FINEST SURF/SLACKOBILLY/TRASH BAND
THE TOMMYS
COME FRY WITH US @ WWW.OZPOPS.COM**

QADESH

demo/download Experiment In Psychodrama - Right now, Qadesh are unique. It would be unfair to call them the best progressive rock band in the UK; a better description would be the only progressive rock band in the UK - for the last 20 years. I can hear the yes but what about so an so coming thick and fast, but consider the difference between the varied bands of the 80s prog underground, with their generally heavier, often pop and metal-influenced sound, and the original English prog movements of the 70s - in particular, the Canterbury Scene bands and their ilk. The musicians in Qadesh may be all in their early twenties, but nu-prog is a concept new to them. No, those Camel, Hatfield and the North, National Health and Caravan albums came to those fresh young virginal ears and sprouted the Qadesh sound unpolluted by any third-generation, watered down, apologetic versions, or indeed the 80's metal and indie tinged second wave. One listen makes you realise the difference, and wonder if these boys and girls were accidentally frozen during a 1973 John Peel session. (Did he do sessions back then? Before my time, you see...)

The Canterbury sound at its best is a fresh and delicate mix of breezy rock, classical and folk, built on (what America calls math-rock) rhythmic experimentation. Qadesh's demo - at a 10 minutes long worth every second of its mere 4meg download from <http://www.qadesh.org> - is a superbly played, joyful and almost innocent example of what can only be called proper prog. Should you not have heard any yet, an even more psychedelic Super Furry Animals (that doesn't cop out) might come to mind on hearing this.

It's music for summer excursions and wistful quirky romantics, sunlight through leaves; somewhere not yet concreted over. www.qadesh.org

QADESH - Live The Peel, Kingston Upon Thames - Its all for moments like this, travelling hours on the off-chance that that demo - or in this case, that download - was a mere taster of live goodies to come. Of course, the times that the journey was more pleasurable than the band come to mind too... Oh, and don't forget that you rang up all your mates and insisted that this band would change their lives. Well, sometimes it works. Here's a band (whose oldest member appears to be 22), playing their second ever show, discovered during a chance conversation with the keyboard player at a Fred Frith gig (which should give you a pointer to their influences). The hope is that their only recording so far, the pretty damn good mini-epic 'Experiment In Psychodrama', is no fluke. Well, maybe it is, because it comes over as the weakest link in a set packed with moments that make you go yesss. Qadesh's main influences come from the non-pompous side of seventies art rock, bands such as National Health, Camel, Hatfield and the North's 'The Rotters Club', and the early early 'Foxtro/Nursery Cryme' days of Genesis. They're good enough musicians to play this stuff with delight, in the music rather than getting hung up in the playing, and they already look an casually eccentric bunch, guitarist Dr.Narapodi resplendent in his smoking jacket (thank god, save us from staring at any more boring indie uniforms). Most of the numbers are on first airing, so you would expect more stumbling during counterpoint-rich songs that approach Gentle Giant in complexity; the only awkwardness comes between the first few numbers - the kind of thing that a few gigs sorts out. At one point, someone usefully points out to me that 'they just slipped in a bit of The Rite Of Spring for the hell of it' and why not? They also rock out like an early Yes with the richness of added violin. Wish I'd grabbed a set list and made notes as I soon lost track of the different moods and changes and neat ideas packed into each song. Qadesh don't come over as a group of musicians with ambitions above their station but as a bunch of people having fun making the kind of tunes they love. www.qadesh.org

DOOM

album "TOTAL DOOM" (Peaceville) - The purity of the bullshit free real punk rock just-get-in-there-and-blast-it production is, some 16 years on from the original onslaught, so so refreshing, so energising. Doom were a big part of that very active 80's D.I.Y. punk/hardcore/thrash metal/crust crossover that spumed a million bands, labels and zines - (a scene that, along with the very healthy festi/prog scene went a hell of a way in floating the early days Organ... you can lay a lot of the blame for Organ's existence at the feet of Doom and Peaceville and Civilised Society and all those confrontational noisebastards, indeed we've still got to the mental and physical scares from the Hammersmith Clarendon, The Robey and the Brum Mermaid). So this 37 track Doom anthology has been sitting here in it's plush packaging for a couple of weeks - I didn't want to play it! Surely it wouldn't sound so good now? Surely others have come along and made their sound obsolete, nothing more than a handy historical document? Surely in won't sound so raw, so fast, so nasty, so confrontational, surely not..... I finally got around to putting it on - It still totally utterly rips in such a refreshing, bullshit-free soul-cleansing way with it's roaring bleeding primordial blastcore anarcho punk rock confrontation. That glorious, almost self destructive sound that's rooted in a mix of Discharge and Conflict and back then went way out past the speed/thrash metal that was coming in from people like Anthrax, Slayer and Exodus. For those of you who weren't there at the time, Doom were raging in the same violent field as bands like Napalm Death - we're not really interested in who came first, they were all there doing it alongside each other and indeed feeding each other with their blasts of fresh air - bands like those Electro Hippies, Hellbastard, Doctor And The Crippens, Alternative Attack, Ripcord the aforementioned Civilised Society and a whole bag load more 9it was such a buzz discovering their demo tapes in zines like Phoenix Militia). Doom were right in there leading the pack and feeding the rest and this, rather surprisingly, sounds as fresh as ever - raw blasting hardcore punk rock like they just don't make anymore. www.peaceville.com

DEMO ZONE >>>>

Look, it's like this, we're getting loads of demo discs and tapes (keep them coming, we love the smell of fresh demo discs in the morning - exciting demos and new bands are our fuel.... We could easily fill our pages just with demo reviews and as always there's lots of good ones (some piss poor efforts as well but why bother wasting space on them here?). You'll find hundreds and hundreds more demo reviews on our very busy website www.organart.com, this small selection is just a taster... keep sending them in now....

EXIT BY NAME - Some kind of raw nu/crossover metal thing - now just hang on, give me one minute of silence here, they don't half sound like Yapp and his crew. It's their first demo, it's raw but the vital bit of attitude and the energy is coming through and YEAH! - these guys have something good going down here and blabber blabber froth thro' woof bark: second track sounds like the cries of some paranoid bag man trying to communicate in a language that sounds right in his head but makes no sense to the ones he's trying to talk to. Hey, I like this band, I like this band lots - the quality of this demo is awful, they sound like they're stealing studio time during the engineer's lunch hour. There's plenty of attitude here, though, and groove and yeah, there is a point, there is life in the demo mountain. If they ever get a decent recording then they could be shooting up the leagues... stay tuned now, good frontman, twenty times better than the first Lozt Prophets demo (but that was one of the worst demo tapes ever), better than the first One Minute Silence demo (they were called Near Death Experience back then). Stay tuned, I said that already? So what, just stay tuned, just do it, stay tuned!. We'll be telling you more soon.... bug them and see if the local boy makes good - Exit By Name, 2 Tintern Avenue, Billingham, Stockton On Tees, TS23 2DE exitbyname@hotmail.com

SHONA "We Shine Not Burn" - She sounds like Bis playing anxious lo-fi chaos-folk (dare we say anti-folk?) opening track "Stressed" is excellent. Shona MacKenzie is from Scotland, think Amanda Bis meets Alanis Morissette with fizzing D.I.Y synths, violins and rather importantly, good songs. (good looking artwork tooooo). This is good, final track sounds like D.I.Y lo-fi Garbage with a hint of Siouxsie And The Banshees and a bag load of right attitude. Check it out. Miss Shona Mackenzie, 174 Deeside Gardens, Mannofield, Aberdeen, AB15 7PX

THE VIRGIN SUICIDES - YES! These are our poisonous flowers, these are your new Pin Ups, your new Manics, your fake ideals. In order to obliterate your enemies you must first learn to recognise them. There is indeed, as they point out so well, little point in moaning about imperialism, Coke in hand, from the soulless neon glow of Camden's McDonalds, without admitting that you too are part of the problem. Similarly there's no mileage in bands preaching about the evils of major labels from the integrity of a virtuous "indie" penance while embarking on yet another pub rock tour to nowhere. There's raw obnoxious youthful cocky naive honesty to these 16 year old Virgin Suicide brats. They're not brats though, no fake stance here, just total honesty. "wearing our influences (Pistols, Piath, Joy Division, Blake, Bob Dylan, Richie Edwards, Kurt Cobain, Jeffrey Eugenides) like chain mail, with our weapons poised, we are ready to smash this f**king apathy". They're urgent, they're pissed off, they're like the Manics or the Pistols, or Pin Ups once were, in a year they'll probably be crap so grab a slice now - the teen riot continues - let's make history part thirty four. www.thevirginsuicides.co.uk or c/o PO Box 438, Cambridge, CB4 1FX. Learn a little etiquette, arm yourselves now, grab it while you can.... William Blake poetry on their cover, pictures of the Queen, don't you love the middle classes? Well don't you? - go get it

DC MOLINA - Sinister start, twisted fairground rides, then they stomp in a moody swirling Killing Joke/Cult/Venus Fly Trap kind of thing. I like this, it's got that mysterious Batcave Alien Sex Fiend/Sex Gang Children dark noire edge to it, check them out, they're busy playing the toilets of London and confusing the punk rock indie kids. dcmolina20m.com

BUGEYE "Lose Control" - Jaunty lightweight girl fronted indie guitar pop - far too nice and polite. www.bugeyemusic.com

BUGFLY - Breezy girl fronted London based guitar pop - Hole with not so much bite and punch (yet?). www.bugfly.co.uk

DAMIEN MUNCHKIN "Damien Munchkin's Demo" - Sounds like someone has eaten far too much mind melting cheese late at night when the light plays strange and sometimes cruel tricks - bedroom psychedelia can be a dangerous thing - this sounds frighteningly like the Invisible Band's half finished sketches. - Damien, 109(c) Belvedere Rd., Upper Norwood, SE19 3HY

KILLY DOG BOX "Against The Forgetting" Some kind of continuous rumbling electronic drone that goes on and on and on and..... 15 Romney St., Middlesbrough, Cleveland, TS1 4NE

ONE THIRTY EIGHT - a terrible sub Iron Maidenish amateurish noise with an almost spoken word vocal that was sent in to our so called "A&R department" Fact one - we don't have one here at ORG Records, Fact two - this is total arse (as most things addressed to the "A&R department" are). Still, saves me buying a blank tape for the interview I've got to do tomorrow.... they must have sent it in as a piss take...

MACROCOSMICA - This Glasgow band, who feature one time members of Mogwai, Teenage Fanclub, the rather excellent Telstar Ponies and Bangtwister in their line up, are working on their debut album - a follow up to the Ad Astra mini album and the Space Geek EP (both on God Bless Records and both well worth your time). This, I guess, is a taste of things to come from the band, who've already been around for five years or so. It's some kind of forward advancing, post hardcore, post rock, post noise, post whatever you want mix of restrained powerful spiky aggression, power, and brooding wired-up jaggedness. Think Fugazi poking Van Der Graaf Generator with sticks (we name drop Van Der Graaf so much in some kind of subliminally blatant attempt to force you to go out and soak up almost everything they've ever done - start with Pawn Hearts if you haven't already). If you like those wired places that clever bands like Mogwai (who like to conceal the fact that they're clever and never are clever enough to conceal that fact), if you like those places, and the places the Notwist go, or Geiger Counter or Rothko or especially Motorpsycho - hey, this is a lazy list, sometimes a lazy list is the easiest way - and with these clever bands you know it's never ever as obvious as a list makes it seem and these names are mere reference points on a vague map that points you in the right direction. If you like it to get abrasive and to almost violently challenge you without taking the obvious routes that have already been followed by all the others then this is for you and it's very very good. c/o The O'hares, Flat 1/2, 564 Cathcart Road, Glasgow, G42 8YG. www.microcosmica.co.uk

BLACKROCK - Roadracing black-hearted Kyuss flavoured biker rock, a black rebel motorcycle club if ever we heard one. Totally utterly gloriously retro - they add a hint of Humble Pie or Man to the regulation grooved-out desert rock sound and take it out on to a ledge of their own.... Stay tuned for more. Black Rock, Thumb Music, OPM House, Haydn Rd., Nottingham, NG5 2LS www.blackrocktowers.com

VOLGARD "New Born Spirit" - tribal industrial classical sampled up ritualistic electro-goth global noise attacks that don't quite cut it. jack@volgard.fsnet.co.uk will tell you more, I don't feel the need to.

LEFT HAND ELEMENT "Path To Self Intrusion" - At last, a demo that stands out, and a band who want to be a little different: a band who want to challenge themselves, a band who don't want to sound like a not so good reflection of their crappy record collection. Glasgow's Left Hand Element deal out intelligent, brutally melodic adventurous modern challenging metal that's rich in light and shade and alive with warm progressive uplifting potential. A healthy mix of Earthtone 9, Kings X, Willhaven, Little Giant Drug and plenty of vital X factor. This impressive four tracker was actually found by Karl from Earthtone 9 who was excited enough to make us a copy - that's how it works, if there's a good band out there then word spreads naturally, no need for the hype and bullshit. Left Hand Element (they used to be called Oneroot) are very much into their harmonic, spiralling melody; it's a very big sound, and if they can capture the full glory of their powerful moves then there's something rather special developing here. lefthandelement@horrormail.com or write to Steven Sandilands, 3 Abbots Terrace, Monklands Estate, Airdrie, Scotland, ML6 9QP

*in a band?
want a website?*

www.RATKING.co.uk

DEMO ZONE >>>>>>>>>

NYCB - Three galloping tracks of stripped back (but not too stripped back) garage flavoured psych rock from some people who look and sound like they're feeding of the Current Strokes/Hives thing (yet again!). Three tracks - the first, "New Age Boogie Dawn", gallops along in a rather desirable way as it mentions (as so many do) something for the brothers and sisters out there. Track two is a mellow simple cowboy/Chevy stock car racer blues tune that the Brian Jonestown Massacre or indeed the Black Rebel Motorcycle Club wouldn't mind owning, it's called "Lay It Down" and it breathes so well - one of those mellow Stones blues things and despite the last track sounding like a messy lo-fi garage Jesus Jones tribute I rather like this demo, third track let it down a little, other two did the business and yeah, another band who have a demo that pisses all over The Strokes (like so many of them so). Crap packaging, piss poor artwork, no contact address or info, just an e.mail address - raf.senticos@virgin.net

BIG EMPTY - Two dark and quirky tracks, highly original, rather intriguing. If it sounds like anything then it sounds like a leftfield mix of P.I.L at their most experimental, or maybe Godflesh in one of their more minimalist, restrained moods. And then there are the big riffs and frothing Beelzebub demonic vocals that cut through when they need to - and that's just the first track - the second delves into dark psychosis and Bark Psychosis and plays with the concept of quiet as the new loud in a very disturbingly different way, until, that is, they thrash out in a dark post-rock way..... impressively different and possibly worth exploring. Big Empty, 51 Bittering St., Gressenhall, Derham, Norfolk, NR20 4EB. bigemptynews@hotmail.com

HEROES FOR SALE - "When Nothing Seems Like Everything" - They come on like a more urgent, more brutal, more pissed off and uneasy Hundred Reasons with a thousand wasps flying at that rather insane sounding singer. The quality of the recording isn't that great but hey, the creativity, the urgency and the attitude is breaking through (unlike The Now). Contact Matt Rhodes, 12 Salter Oak Croft, Carlton, Bamsley, S71 3HP www.heroesforsale.co.uk

CARDBOARD COWBOY - "The Bedroom Tapes" - lo-fi stomping fuzz pop blues nuggets, as someone else rightly pointed out, how did it get here? Don't really want to know but I'm sure glad it did. Red wine and weed fuelled recording of a slightly chaotic, slightly fractured early Beck nature. Sounds like the Cardboard Cowboy, his guitar and his mate are having a great time and not really giving a shit what anyone else thinks - for his day job the Cardboard Cowboy just may be a drummer who plays in a band who feature regularly on these pages, we're not going to blow his cover though and we all know all drummers want to be singers and play guitars. This is lo-fi lo-fi country blues and we love all four songs even when they threaten to sound like lo-fi Faces - there's a refreshing relaxed honesty here, just somebody kicking back and making music just for the hell of it... Seems like the Cardboard Cowboy has formed himself a band and is taking his band out on the road - best country music we've heard in age. Says here on the letter that came with the demo that the chances are we really wouldn't like it - we love it, we love the simplicity, the way it goes out of time, we like everything about it, yeah, we can think of at least 110 reasons why you should check it out. contact c/o 51 Woodside View, Cottingley, Bingley, West Yorkshire, BD16 1RH e.mail cowboy@zebraindustries.com

MOTHBURNER - "The Threat Of Storms" - More from the ever intriguing sometimes thrilling Mothburner with their exquisitely dark lo-fi fairy tales from the edge. They are spellbinding in their own restrained delicately fragile fractured and rather unique way. They're a very creative two-piece - Shirin provides the vocals in a far more sinisterly inviting Polly Harvey kind of way - Kate Bush, All About Eve, Cocteau Twins but far more delicate and mysterious and personal and intriguingly captivating and broodingly dark and almost gothic and always always delightfully lo-fi - they're from Cornwall, they could only be from Cornwall really, you imagine them in some far away cottage lost in a world of their own down by the cliffs where no one dares to go after dark..... Make the effort to search them out. Mothburner, 1 Buller Quay, East Looe, Cornwall, PL13 1AQ www.geocities.com/mothburner

BOYEATSGIRL - Moody bleak metal that sounds a little like the early days of Huga Baby before it lurches in to the mean growly bits. There's some emotion here, some bleak self destructive restraint - interesting start, they'd be a hell of a lot better without the clichéd screaming growly vocal bits, interesting early moves from the young English band though. www.boyeatsgirl.moonfruit.com

100MPH - A rather intriguing forward moving positively lo-fi outfit from Kent - they know the safest distance between two points is always a straight line, or at least that's what they tell us as they sing of straight lines and solar systems. Right now there's two of them and they're putting together a full line up as we speak "Empire State" is a rather poignant piece, a beautifully delicate piece, delicate guitars weave over spoken word tails of flagging down cabs - this is good, wonder if a full band could ever achieve the same chemistry as Graham Bywater and Ashley Davies have here - this is rather special... Musical photography, watching through the windshield. It's very rough, it's very home-made, you've got to appreciate the more obscure this bands like Guided By Voices or Slint or the simplest of Pavement moments to really get a grip on this as it is right now - warm, beautiful, rough, personal, they may never be this good again. Contact Graham Bywater, 60 Westerham Road, Sevenoaks, Kent. TN13 2PZ

NUMB "Saturant" - Hard edged emo-metal with a hint of a Kyuss groove in there with the Lost Prophets flavours and the impressive light and shade, they're good but they're not hitting us with any real X Factor yet, they are trying to take it down different routes though even if they do end up in the usual places in the end... nearly interesting, nearly... 9 Trent Boulevard, West Bridford, Nottingham, NG2 5BB. www.numbsound.com

THE ERUPTORS - They declare themselves to be "one thousand percent rock, baby!", they play 1000 MPH stolen Stooges riffs, their songs are half formed, they've got someone called Jeff Pepsii on bass - he in turn claims to have survived a European tour as part of the Sonic Boom Boys and then got kicked out (probably because of his silly Tigertailz style name, but then I wouldn't know if he was ever a Boom Boy or not, rhythm sections never stick around long enough for me to find out names). They sound like Sonic Boom Boys with far more scuzzed up street punk and not so many of the other things that make te Boom Boys a far better option. They shout yeah yeah yeah lots, they've obviously listened to far too much Ramones and ever more N.Y Dolls while they were zooming around like Jet Boys - they've got one great song called "Skate Fast! Die Hard!", they're permanently cranked up, the other songs are shit, they repeat themselves far too much, they swear lots, they're D.I.Y - they blast three chords, their denims are unwashed - it's basic, it's stripped back, it little too one dimensional to stick around for long, it's satisfying in it's own cranked up garaged out punk rock n'roll way for a gloriously throwaway five minutes. Alex Lee Hooker, 22 Greytowers Drive, Nunthorpe, Middlesbrough, TS7 0LS alexleehooker@hotmail.com

HISTORY OF GUNS - Old school industrial Batcave music, dark psychotic psychedelia, all throbbing gristle and geezers having a word and the viewers having even more of a word - Mobsters.... psycho, the bastards, the viewers always knew, some kind of cockney Gun Club. It's Goth from the days before Goth became a Mission mess parody with uniforms and formulas. Psychic Youth indeed. www.historyofguns.com

ALFALPHA "Bang" - Wishy washy lightweight slightly c-86 Sarah records style easy going thin as a rake indie pop. It's all very twee, it's all very tea total, all very 'nice' - last track of the three lifts things up in a kind of Tim Buckley/Scott Walker way. Should you be curious (and I know some of you will be, that's why it's reviewed here) then... www.alfalpha.com

20/20 VISION - No messing old school Hardcore punk rock that avoids the option of speed and uses power to push things around the edges - they're from Banbury and they've got some quality in there with their slightly restrained aggro street rumble. It's a kind of Agnostic Front/Blitz /Gundog/more tuneful Assert/Rejects/Business thing - and with moves like "L.O.V.E", a little identity of their own. Good wholesome punk rock stuff from a band who sound like they couldn't give a shit what you or I think - they don't need approval from anyone - good, I approve and so does the barking hound dog. Contact 43 Park Road, Banbury, Oxon, OX16 0DN

BROWBEAT - Seriously good Italian hardcore confrontation - heavy, brooding, intense, violent. This is premier league hardcore metal - why aren't this band seriously big news? This pisses all over most things we get from mainland Europe, this pisses all over most of the things we get full stop. It never lets up, it's standing on your toes and shouting at your face none stop - Intensity isn't their only weapon though, they've got colour in there, they've got imagination, they've got rules of their own, violent brutal blustering rules, different rules though. Browbeat are a well kept secret outside of their home-lands, things won't stay like that for long and this Italian crew will soon be waking up the world. Most of this demo is made up from tracks featured on their debut album "Browbeat" (available on Vacation House Records in Italy). www.browbeat.net or info@browbeat.net

FAKE IDEAL - Another two pissed off tracks from the Fakes - they're fit in well with the new wave of bands who actually give a toss - Miss Black America, Stephen Nancy (come to think of it, it's a rather exclusive gang.....) The attitude and energy of early Manics, the drive of The Hives, the JJ72 antidote. Fake Ideal are evolving well, they have a finger print of their own, a cocky swagger, a knowing glint, an us-against-the-world urgency, a band who really should matter, a band who are rebelling against whatever you've got for them to rebel against. Fake Ideal, 48 Park Road, Doncaster, DN1 2QH e.mail: fakeideal@talk21.com

KINGCOW "Contour Flavour" - Embryonic not quite fully formed emo-metal, Kingcow have the right ideas, they haven't got their sound together quite yet though. This demo is raw, the ideas and the potential are poking through. It's enthusiastic rather than accomplished at this point. Kingcow need to build on this potentially good start before we can really recommend them - probably not want they want to hear from us right now, but hey what are we here? Career advise? Samaritans for bands? You should hear those crap demos Lost Prophets were once sending out. Got upset when we said they weren't good enough to be on one of the early Organ Radio, bet they thank us now! They'd be well embarrassed if those tracks were available... we look forward to developments from the Peterborough emo-metal crew (emo-metal, what a lazy term, we should be ashamed of ourselves), Kingcow sound like they have the commitment and could one day be kings in a land of cows or something. www.kingcow.net

MOOLIE demo - Good looking demo, excellent artwork, looks like someone cared about things just a little - these things do matter. It's more Essex nu-metal crossover ear agro with some clever thrashing funk going down - back in the days of things like Atom Seed this would have been Funk Metal, it's harder though, more Scat Opera - it's about time, say what you mean, mean what you say. Six well recorded in your face crossover funk driven thrashing hard as nails metal things - they've got definite suicidal tendencies, they've got cynical smiles and not so vacant stares, they're good.... www.moolie.com

ignition

www.ignitiononline.co.uk

PERSIL - More alluringly brilliant off beat synth pop, Amsterdam's Persil never ever fail to thrill with their sharp-as-a-new-pin songs and their lush glittery sparkly bright sideswipes. Think Bis fused with Pet Shop Boys and Saint Etienne in the very very best way. Four new tracks, three of their brightest moments yet, very very fine pop music, the fourth a rather intriguing version of The Wedding Present's "Kennedy". Excellent, lots lots more please. Persil, Baarsjesweg 27, 1057 HL Amsterdam, Holland. e.mail: persil@documentdone.net. <http://persil.documentdone.net>

IMPORTANT BAND WARNING -

209 "209 NOISE" Yet another tasty crossover street wise crunching rapcore hip-hop demo from the ever evolving ever excellent 209 crew - they've got a cutting metal edge... hip-hop with a metal edge, not nu-metal with a bit of rap, no no no, like we said many times already, 209 are the real deal - street wise London with big slabs of funk and groove, hard edge rhythmic devastation. Their anthem "209" is classic old school that owed far more to Overlord X or the mighty JVC Force than the Limp Bizkits of the world and here they are with yet another version - cereal re-arrangers, manipulators. Chin were the only others who did this London rap thing this well... go grab some, back up back up.... this 7 piece London crew come highly recommended. www.209noise.co.uk

DOLIUM - now when Dolium last sent us a demo, despite the rawness of the recording, it was all screaming through with demanding vitality and they had us jumping for phones and throwing them on to an ORGAN RADIO compilation album straight away (Organ Radio 13, four tracks on there, one of the best things we've ever released on ORG, right up there on the edge along with that first Huge Baby EP, the Gog Magog 7" and those raw blistering Cay b-sides). Dolium are a rare rare thing, a band that really do matter, a band who really do stand out in their own unique way - one of the finest things ever and when we finally got to witness them live they were even better, they thrilled with one of the finest gigs we'd ever put on - hardly any of you came along but what the hell, your loss (and mine on the door, come, make some effort, I can't keep losing money here!, Jesus, I'll have to take one of those goddamn A&R jobs if this goes on) They're gloriously wired, they're gloriously brilliant, they're also gloriously untalented so some two years on with hardly any reports of live sightings (even in their Sheffield homelands) they're finally back with two more messy yet glorious recordings.... Last time they were scary screechathon Pixies in jagged heels, now they're even more spiky and new wave and even better and they're singing about Veronica Ann tying someone to her bed and shaving their head and taking a photo to send it to his girlfriend, Veronica Ann/Mistress De Vine, probably one in the same? Going this way and that way and this way and that way like some operatic dominatrix and her boy at the side with pointy guitars - "she'll make him cry if she'll please with black shiny boots" he sings as she screams. Dolium are a very very very urgent three piece - they're lead by an incredible creature called Mistress De Vine - she plays the bass, she demands and she screams, Rease Adams plays the guitar, Simon Fredrick Himsworth holds it together and anchors it down with his gloriously urgently frantic drums. It's early Banshees, it's Pixies, Nina Hagen, The Slits - it's real punk rock, it's music to lust after, to worship, to scream with - Dolium matter.... this is why we do it.... this is the purpose, this is the point. Moments like this is why ORGAN exists. Hang on, no contact details, no nothing, let me make phone call, Doliums are as good as The Pixies - they're also very frustrating

CUZCO - That shambling sound of C-86, those thin thin guitars that skiffle along - they almost threaten to get interesting in a Zuno Men way and they have these warm interludes that are almost prunky in an understated lo-fi Blur way... almost, they almost get bendy as they sing 1, 3, 6, 9 - it's almost bouncy and at times they almost get to where Flaming Lips or Mercury Rev are, especially on "Lips Now" (a rather beautiful song, that stands out way above the other six tracks) and there are really hopeful moments here. Cuzco, c/o 15a Hornsey Rise Gardens, London, N19 3PP. www.cuzco.co.uk

KLORINE - "Carnage Is A Beautiful Thing" - Maybe, but not in this case, their embryonic grunge metal music doesn't back up their early Manics attitude. Klorine@hotmail.com

CONRAD - "Take A Seat" - A rather spiky post something-or-other pop band from Plymouth who manage to shove hints of The Wonderstuff, The Jam, Slint, Burning Airlines and a bit of Experiment/Homage Freaks thrashy festi-dub in to their opening track and continue to repeat the exercise whilst varying the percentages of each ingredient throughout their potentially infectious set of songs. "Little Green Friend" is the stand out track with it's almost prunk edged opening that gives way to Monsoon Bassoon like charging around like a bull in a china shop, although the "Pretty Green" punky Cardiac Arrest sound of Vacuum Head isn't far behind. They're still searching for that X factor, interesting start though, we might just be shouting about them some day soon. Contact 42 St Aubyn Avenue, Keyham, Plymouth, Devon, PL2 1LL. www.mp3.com/conrad.uk or e.mail.conradrock@supanet.com

ANAEMIC "Dystrophy" - Yappy demented dog-on-heat-with-a-raging-speed-horn metal with these positively weird tendencies to sound like medieval monks on speed when they cut to the chorus. This we like lots and lots - think Raging Speedhorn possessed by insanely yappy demons, think speed metal, think Cradle Of Filth without the crap pantomime Goth, think Helvis, think pale bloodless contortion, think pummelling drums, think crunchingly brutal metal riffs, think hints of off kilter Dead Kennedys kicking the crap out of Deicide with the help of Medulla Nocte, think lots of things, think whatever the hell you want, don't just think, go check it out before the carpet turns red and the bats get you again. Anaemic have the X factor, they've got an edge, a desire to be different rather than just following the others. It's as raw and home made as hell and all the better for it. Damn fine debut demo, check it out and check it out right now (although it is a little expensive for a demo!) - £5 inc P&P payable to Ian Boulton, 187 Westminster Road, Morecambe, Lancashire, LA3 1SL www.anaemic.org

K-LINE - New band featuring Ed out of the Stupids/Sink and James out of Done Lying Down/Tone Deff - infectious old school punk rock - a sound that has it's feet in a time when bands wanted more than to just conform and be another Green Day. This is raw old school melodic English emocore punk rock with an edge, energetic power punk, you love this junk, it's almost primitive, future primitive. Remember now, this door must remain closed other than for access. zac@crossfirenight.com will tell you more

AGE OF RUIN - "Your Time" - Hell, they've suddenly got their sound together, we said they had potential before - it's here now, great big brutal aggressively nasty brutal brutal brutal metallic slabs of it - the Reading crew suddenly have a massive sound. Think brutal Pantera flavoured grooved out thrashing screamathon metallic brutal aggression with added streetwise (brutal) colour. Three great big tracks with tasty contrasts within those details. It's not all about brutality, alright it IS nearly all about brutality, some of it's subtle brutality though - hey, it's brutal, the relatively melodic bits are brutal, the brutal bits are extra brutal, it's all brutal. Age Of Ruin are about to emerge from the crowd with their Fear Factory/Pulkas flavoured mayhem. Producer Dave Chang has brought out the best in them, we're mightily impressed (in a brutal kind of way), massive jump in quality this time around. Nice and brutal... did we mention it was brutal? Recommended classy brutal metalcore, go grab it now. www.ageofruin.com

MIND AT LARGE - "Exhibit A" - I'm struggling with reviewing this fine demo that has pleased my ears so and touched my soul is such a way that I am rendered speechless... This 3-song demo may well be the best thing I have heard in AGES and Mind At Large may well be my new favourite band. In super simple terms, this is fuzzed up space rock. You know those kind of fuzzy Will Sergeant, open bottle guitar sound and those vocals that sound just a step removed from this stratosphere--kind of like the Stone Roses if you s-t-r-e-c-h-e-d o-u-t their sound and took in some Hawkwind/Stooges/MC5. If you can conjure to mind the tonal quality of Ozzy's vocals on Paranoid and the spaciness of 'Knights in White Satin' you almost have feel of Mind At Large. The songs do rock and scorch and flame--but not in a way that harms you or is caustic--rather it envelops you and pull you in and protects you and 'oh wow man you are the music and the music is you and you are part of the fire but as the second song of here F.G. states--you're feeling good! Think early, early Stones (both the roses and the rolling one), think B*O*M, think Brian Jonestown Massacre (without the fake cockney accent), think girls in short dresses and high vinyl boots and long long hair and guys in striped trousers and ruffled shirts dancing under psychedelic lights--think all this, only make it 1000 times more relevant to you your soul.... email: decibel1000@yahoo.com (Shaari Sue Ginsburg)

CALIBER "Someday Now" - Another recording from Caliber - poppy grungy heavy metal, all three are apparently 16 year old girls, well at least they've got time to get better, it's not very good right now. www.caliber.org.uk

SONIC LORD - "Gargantua" - These slugged out sonic stoners sound just like you'd expect a band called Sonic Lord to sound. Bowel wrenching grooves, ten inch thick bass riff action, smoked out retro sludge and cosmic doom. They sound like they're feeding directly off that first Sabbath album and it's glorious production values, they taste of things like St.Vitus. There's a lot of these retro stoner sludge bands emerging, the important thing here is that Sonic Lord do it gloriously well, they're almost up there with the mighty Khang with their heavy heavy rumble. Damn fine demo - David Day, 5 Summerhill Cottages, Walsall Road, Lichfield, Staffs., WS14 0BU. www.chillin.at/soniclord

TOY - Scotland's Toy have been making messy fractured demos since we first encountered them back in the 96/97 season when they were just 13 years old. Toy are still searching for that sound, they're progressing with their Deftones style nu-metal and youth is still on their side, but they're going to need to get a decent demo and a bit of identity sorted out very soon... it's five seasons on now, we need a bit more. www.toyband.port5.com

HUNDREDS MORE DEMO REVIEWS GOING ON LINE EVERY-DAY AT WWW.ORGANART.COM - THIS WAS JUST A SMALL TASTE... OUR WEBSITE IS WHERE IT REALLY HAPPENS



ZINES & THINGS.....

CHEESECORE no1 - Ha, the fanzine adventures of Princess Naomi, adventures that mostly seem to consist of stalking Anti-Product. Hey, if you're going to stalk a band, you could do worse than stalk the Product. A classic messy photocopied cut and paste job that's powered by glitter and lollipops. Along with all the chasing Anti Product around festivals, you get a Q&A thing with Geoff Starr of those Sonic Boom Boys, the thoughts of Queen Dot, a rather long interview with Stuffed. Claire P.Product's adventures at the Bulldog Bash & Rox On The Prom, a bit of Kittie, oh and another Anti Product bit along with a tasty review of Organ Radio 15 that rightly picks up on The Blondes. £1.00 plus a A5 SAE from Naomi, 19 Ilford Rd, High West Jesmond, Newcastle, NE3 3NX E.mail: Antiprodukt_Barbie@hotmail.com

RHYTHM & BOOZE - Another zine with a terrible name - there's some good stuff to be found in here though, it's packed with bands, information and those vital contact addressed though - bands like Splat, Womb, Lightyear, Jesse James, Bleeding Hearts, Kilkus, Steve Gibbons, Sally, Mistress, Identity #1, The Penetrators, No Direction, Spankboy and lots lots more - good coverage of local bands and those passing through, you can always find one or two things worth checking out in here. It's free so send an SAE PO Box 271, Worcester, WR4 9ZU

HOME AND AWAY - latest issue is a free A4 folded sheet once more - they dig a little deeper this month with reviews of the Farnborough Groove Alldayer and various bands like Capulet, Neurotica, Serpico, Scarlet Soho, Cold Harbor and more, it's a little more satisfying this month, I think we said enough last time. e.mail homeandaway86@hotmail.com or <http://move.to/H&AZine>

ANCIENT CEREMONIES - Very good looking, very professional, very impressive metal zine, well written, authoritative - hundreds of reviews, informative features - you feel you can really trust their opinions - features on Diabolic, Enslaved, Exciter, Immolation, Malevolent Creation, Tankard, The Haunted - Venom are on the cover - really good interview. You get a really good demo section - actually I like this a hell of a lot more than Terrorisr - think I'll grab myself a subscription and switch to this, it's certainly up to the standards production wise of Terrorisr, it actually has more of an old school Metal Forces vibe. This issue comes with a rather tasty 22 track free CD. The magazine, and it's very much a full on magazine that still has the edge of enthusiasm and excitement of a fanzine, is actually from Portugal - no problem with the quality of the English though - no problems with anything actually, this is the definite underground metal publication for any of you who want to keep up with underground developments in the many worlds of extreme metal. Highly recommended. Ancient Ceremonies, Apartado 60334, 2701-904 Amadora, Portugal www.ancientceremonies.cjb.net

ELECTRIC CITY #10 - "Kill Your Idols" it says on the very good looking and rather intriguing brown and grey A5 cover. At the foot of the cover in minuscule writing it proclaims "for misfits, losers, underdogs and dandys". It's very good looking controlled collaged cut up art/statement/contradiction, never messy, this is not another messy low budget fanzine - there's a certain knowing self control, it's art, it's dance, it's counter culture, it's a product of Mancunia - lists; lists of films, list of dance 12"ers, Atomic Dogma - "We Are You" - this is intriguing, it's eye candy, it's more: "File under... a journey in to twisted psychedelic discoid jumpin spiritual sunshine groovinbassbinbuggin outerspace dancing voodoo jacking seep dirty bassline burning underground rioting...." An article on the music of Theo Parrish, the top ten council wizz towns, geektronica, Ashley Beedle A department of Electric Chair - 28 eye pleasing pages - find out more and check out their multi media Manchester dance/art/creativity/record label at www.electriks.co.uk

ZINES & THINGS.....

TWO STUPID GIRLS - The further adventures of American zine queen (and serial car crasher) Emily Martian, a package containing five of her latest rather unique and somewhat warped zine-like creations has just landed in Organ land - along with some 'interesting' polaroids and more "bad photocopies of my slightly artsy photography" (we do enjoy Ms Martians rather dark and horny photography). We have here the two latest issues of 'Two Stupid Girls' - the one with the white cover is subtitled "But Not That Stupid" whilst the one in the laser blue cover is the "Beat Da Fuck Up!" issue - The Two Stupid girl creators (but not necessarily themselves the two stupid girls, no, Emily and Lynn aren't stupid) are Emily and her current partner in creativity and chaos - Lynn - hey we just told you that a second ago, have you seen the alligators in here today?. There are very important bits of information in here, you ALL need to tune in to there vital commentaries on life and pizza and bondage and where are the car crashes this time???? There's an article entitled "The things you can use a vibrator for other than the obvious", "Why missing limbs are silly", "How to be dumped", "The problems with running into an ex", "Emily's list of horrible things she has done". Hey, this is better than reading Cosmo on the tube. Meanwhile there's a small A6 publication called "Thou Shalt Not Hump" which appears to be a photo-collage strip involving Sesame Street characters and dolls that made 'the monkey chuckle' - apparently 'God was not amused'. There is no explaining what goes on in the mind of Emily and her photocopy machine abusing friends but they just might be the source of the American dream and it could be that the answer was never out in the desert with the bats and sharks - these publications keep us in a lustful state of confusion for hours, days, weeks - go join in the beautiful creative chaos. Emily Bischof, 2706 Dare Street, Wilmington, NC 28412, USA. Hey, there were no car crashes this time! some incident in a Greyhound bus, but no car crashes - we didn't tell you what was in the publication Emily has rather mischievously called "Can I Probe That", we'll leave you to find out about that one for yourselves. e.mail emilymartian13@hotmail.com or Lynn: monopolychick@hotmail.com And there's a website about to appear any moment now www.stoopidgirl.com

ROBOTS AND ELECTRONIC BRAINS No9 - Now this is what we want from a zine - informative enthur

ZINES & THINGS.....

siastic excited writing, bands and artists we've never heard of but want to know more about because of the reviews - you feel you can trust what you're being told here (how many fanzine reviews can you actually trust these days, when a zine tell you it's good is it just because they got a freebie?) - lets throw some randomly selected band names from the packed pages - Brazen Hussies, Melodiogroup, Ladytron, Muslingauze, Stylus, Jeans Team, DJ Lambchop, Fonda 500, BomBoomBomb, Ectogram, Fuxa, Gag, Colin Newman - a feature on the Death Of The Weeklies and the demise of the NME and all held together in a cut and paste photocopied fanzine mess that's never difficult to navigate - and it comes with a free 7" 5 track single featuring the highly recommended By Coastal Cafe alongside tracks from Pale Boy, 22 Metre Band, The Groove Criminals, The Fabulous Nobody. Robots is a zine that we always look forward to and always feel inspired by, the music is vaguely somewhere near anything John Peel might play. Contact Jimmy Possession, 133 Green End Rd, Cambridge, CB4 1RW

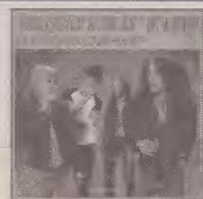
SPIRAL TRIBE - Another couple of zine-like publications claiming to be from whoever Spiral Tribe are these days. Of course they once told us anyone could be in Spiral Tribe, so I guess this could be from anyone.... photocopies pages and pages of conspiracy theory that throw up more questions than answers. Are the government feeding us aspartame via our food chains to numb our brains? Are we prisoners of our systems? Are all the answers to be found within house music? Spiral Tribe insist they are and that we should listen to nothing else. Can't we make our own choices? They wonder what they're really building where those new tube lines are..... Now I wonder who really runs Spiral Tribe? Why these personality free documents with little hint of a human name turn up here? why do they want us to listen to manufactured mind numbing house/techno music that's created by machines devoid of human emotion? Why have the real festival gatherings disappeared since dance music eroded the creativity of the underground? And what's all this Krishna stuff that comes with these SP communications - now I hear some interesting stories about who's running what and where over there in the tribe of the topknot..... who brainwashing the Spiral Tribe? I don't think I like zines written by people with no names.... just when did all that free festival creative energy go when the repetitive



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beats kicked in - have you heard the stories about MI6 running extra loud sound systems at Castle Morton and such places to drown out the rock music..... Did you ever wonder who funded all that Spiral Tribe hype of the mid 90's that conveniently fitted in with the drastic reduction in free festival activity and massive reduction in FIN Cell communication? Question everything - is this silly? Are we just laughing at their conspiracy theories? Question everything? Invisible SP, 54 The High St, C05 8JE. **GOthic BEAUTY** IS A NEW FASHION MAGAZINE that also accepts music submissions for review. Gothic Beauty is interested in Goth, electro, industrial, ethereal, and punk. Gothic Beauty is published quarterly and has major distribution through Hot Topic, Tower Records, and Books-A-Million covering 600 outlets in the USA, Canada, UK, Ireland, and Japan. Issue 4 is in-stores now. See website for more details www.GothicBeauty.com

CRACKLE - Mailorder catalogue - Crackle records, besides having their own well respected label, are also your people for punk rock in most of it's current shapes and forms - old 7"ers, new D.I.Y stuff, a million and one things you're not going to find in the goddamn Virgin Megastore, go check it out, mailordering direct is the best way. Crackle Mailorder, PO Box 7, Otley, Leeds, LS21 1YB, UK www.crackle.freeuk.com

CENTURY MEDIA MAILORDER - Big big catalogue of Metal - shirts, CDs, singles from bands like Angel Dust, Arch Enemy, Borknager, Candira, Eyehategod, Grave, The Gathering and many many more the Century Media/Nuclear Blast catalogue is all here - including the People Like You records back catalogue including delights like Aerobitch, Red Aim, Frankenstein Drag Queens From Planet 13, The Spitts and loads more bands who are as good as The Hives. Century Media, 6 Water Lane, Camden, London, NW1 8NZ or www.centurymedia.net **KICKBACK DISTO** - A good looking list of old school punk rock: Varukers, One Way System, Oi Polloi, Road Rage, Amebix, Riot Clone & more. Kickback, David Wright, 48 Spalding Rd., Sneinton, Nottingham, NG3 2AZ

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WINDHEAD'S DOG no8 - A very good looking and increasingly collectable home made black and white comic that features the continuing saga of those Hawklords (Hawkwind), Captain Calvert and the Brave Baron Brock. Brought to you by the ever productive achieve of all things Hawk, Trevor Hughes. This is a lovingly crafted production of the highest quality - a must for disciples of Hawkwind and indeed lovers of sci-fi cominess and counter culture. More details from Hawkfrendz, PO Box 6, Liscard, Wallasey, Merseyside, CH45 45J - Send an SAE and get full list of Hawkwind related publications, 70's tour programme reproductions and more. **BOSS TUNEAGE** have an informative catalogue - lots of that tuneful punk/pop that they like to deal in - one of the great UK underground labels - bands like The Tank, Bloco, Scarper, Kid With Man Head, Serpico, Asexual, Vehicle Derek. This 32 page A5 catalogue came with a free 28 track sampler CD. They carry millions of releases that are available on other labels - Boss T. Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB www.bosst.freemove.co.uk

TWISTED #1 - First issue comes in a pink photocopied cover and the vital question is, just who is the best clown? Anti-Product's Alex Kane, or Slipknot's Shawn Crahan - you'll find snippets of Scarlet Soho, The Hives, Ikara Colt, Reuben, Halo and more. And the Twisted crew are putting on fine gigs in Worcester, put on a great Desman gig the other day - nice one you Twisted girls, get behind this and help it grow, it's a sparse start but all zines have to start somewhere... purplepunka@hotmail.com

WAR CRY #5 - A monthly A5 folded news sheet that's out to disarm capitalism and arm your desired so tune in for some critical mass bike activity, some counter culture style ranting and raving about the state of schools, the gentrification of pubs and the erosion of those once great working class meeting places - there's none around here any more just over priced trendy bars with intimidating bouncers on the door. Info on benefit gigs, anti-globalisation activity, Stop Esso and more - look, you've got to ask questions, get clued up, find out why... SAE to War, c/o BM Makhno, London, WC1N 3XX

ZINES & THINGS.....

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RUMPUS album 'The Ring Of Scales'

Hands up who misses The Wizards Of Twiddly? I know there's a lot of you out there, we get plenty of emails asking if anything has emerged from the ashes (the answer's no, as far as we can tell). Great band, but one thing I don't miss much is their wacky humour. Humour in music is welcome - when it's actually funny. Darkly bittersweet, or cynically wry, or truly surreal... getting it right is an art. Sheffield three-piece Rumpus sent us a demo a long time ago that veered too far into the wacky. Then along came another tape that sounded like they'd been listening to Mr Bungle and playing hundreds of gigs and getting the balance right. Now, here's a home made album that mixes the great Zappa/Gong-influenced music of the Wizards Of Twiddly with lumps of ska, Primus and Bungle bursts, actually ending up like a generally less thrashy, very English version of Dureforsog in places. This is a pretty fine album, with a tight live-in-the-studio feel to the playing so you know they must have their shit seriously together live. It dances around in the fairly spacious hole between Dog Fashion Disco, Estradasphere, Cheese Cake Truck... and Gong. Yes, Rumpus are mad as badgers and therefore probably a cracking night out, so look out for them playing your area. The album is available from rumpus@altavista.co.uk (ask for details). www.rumpus.fsworld.co.uk

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21:12:01 UPSTAIRS @ GARAGE

STOOPID GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN INTERNET DATING

For those of you who don't know me, let me introduce myself. My name is Emily, I'm 25, living in the southern United States, working as a hairdresser with an odd sense of humor. I also have a website www.stoopidgirl.com, so to read more of my ramblings and cartoons, check it out. Ok so the story goes; A little over a year ago I decided to join the trend and buy a computer. I found myself spending countless evenings looking through profiles on the singles sites. Don't get me wrong, I'm not desperate or anything. It was just amazing to me what kind of losers were on these things. Most of the ads were generic cries for attention, including great catch phrases such as: "I'm really fun", "Are you the one" and my all time favorite "long walks on the beach". So, I did the only thing I felt would be appropriate. I became a loser, too. I'm not sure what compelled me to place the ad. Part curiosity, part in hopes that maybe there might actually be someone compatible with me out there, and part who the hell in their right mind would respond to an ad like mine? I placed ads on a few different sites. They were horrible. The photo I posted was of me holding a giant hand full of goo and/or of me with my head on fire (thanks to my web cam and a kids painting program). My personal description included things that would either confuse or disgust any normal person, like: "my best friend likes to hock loogies down my pants when I bend over" or "don't send me bad poetry or I'll hunt you down and shoot you". Well, low and behold, my email became flooded. It was incredible! I had also written, that when they write to me, they better make it damn spiffy, so I'll be inclined to write back and "no pervers please". Most of the responses complimented me on my originality or that I was the only person on there with a personality. I also got quite a few compliments on my looks. But what gets me is how the hell do they know if I'm cute if there's a big handful of goo covering most of my face? Although, I did rather enjoy the "what the fuck is that stuff?" responses and various guesses as to what it was. My all time favorite response had to have been from someone who lives right here in my own town. He was in his 40s, greasy, with a big blond mullet (nasty). His letter proved once and for all, that men don't listen. It was about 3 pages, written on the five hundred ways he would fuck me on a bar stool. Now, this guy was classy, but I had to repress the urge to respond. I hit the delete button. Keep in mind it was no joke, this guy was for real. All in all, I actually got a few decent responses and started talking on the phone to a few of the boys. I went on some dates and ended up in a six-month relationship with the one who sent me bad poetry, son that I would hunt him down and shoot him. Like most evil girls, I ended up dumping him no offense guys, but I don't like people with emotional problems that are bigger than my own. So, I find myself back on the butcher block called the single-scene. Now that I have my own website, I don't need a singles ad to get guys to write me and boost my ego. Besides, anyone who still thinks I'm cool, after reading my site, has got to be seriously deranged well, that's what my mom says, anyway. I suppose the question now, would be: "Have I learned anything from this experience? Yes I have! Guys are much cooler through emails, before you meet them and the only real cool guys that you would actually want to date, live way far away and I have become a non stop joke to my friends. I think they're under the impression I'm serious. Little do they know, I have plans for their own personal ads. (EMILY MARTIAN)

THE ROCK OF TRAVOLTADUSTBALL/CARETAKER/JETPLANE LANDING

Live: West End Centre, Aldershot - Four more reasons to live, all British and all criminally overlooked for too long. But at least Jetplane Landing are having to play this show as a warm-up for their set supporting Ash and Hundred Reasons next week. While they may claim that they're not Revolution Rock, they're certainly doing their bit to change the musical landscape this side of the Atlantic. Bristling with righteous fury and great tunes, this is a band with so much soul it hurts, streamlined to meet the demands of a particularly 21st Century dynamic and mainlining on pure anger. This IS the sound of a jet plane landing, all the power and grace and noise and beauty, a primal scream that is only about as invigorating as you could ever want. During 'Tiny Bombs', it's The Rolling Stones gone all New York on us and oozing a sleazy, slinky vitality. 'Lights Out New Condition' builds on a most twisted groove, frontman Andrew Ferris dancing his funky-assed dance and clenching his fists at both band-mates and audience. And 'Adam's Dream In Technicolour' begins as a Teutonic mantra and ends as a sweat-drenched call to arms. Or on that single, the one which renounces their power to affect an entire world, they become an indie At The Drive-In, switching effortlessly between the war cry of 'We must not go quietly' and a melodic, jangly chorus. Not one note is out of place, every ounce of fat trimmed from every sharp chord, creating a perfect, punk-infused rock n' roll beast with the snake hips. Imagine Fugazi or Refused with a buzzing blues vibe welded onto their infectious, taut rhythms. Then the warm harmonies bring a loose and spacious feel to each song, giving the riffs essential room to breathe. Jetplane Landing aren't just a good band, there's also that intangible aura which makes them an important band. Tonight, in the confines of the West End Centre, we find the true (flight) path to salvation. Even by their own admission, Caretaker continue to play the same old set, having not written any new material for nigh on 18 months. But, of course, when those five or six songs retain all the potency of the first time you heard them, why bother? So instead, they just play the same songs in a different order. It all dives straight in, immediately crashing around at myriad conflicting angles, and thankfully, for all their familiarity with the material, Caretaker remain a glorious mess of a band. But perhaps more importantly, they've also begun to string truly great gigs together, rather than occasionally make one a beacon in a sea of relative mediocrity. One particularly prescient flyer recently

announced this band as "the next big thing", and tonight you can almost believe it. Theirs is a truly exhilarating interpretation of the rock beast, inspired by the enduring youthful desire to play something very loud, yet tempered by the experience that a moment of quiet reflection can work just as well. Think Sonic Youth or Idlewild trying to play Mogwai songs. 'Hidden Agenda' highlights perfectly that sense of contrast, when they rein it all in for moments of real beauty. Dark beauty, of course, all fragile and quiet, yet still threatening to lose it any second, the fractured shards of melody played off against the slashing riffs and Harry's visceral scream, building ominously before exploding into blackness 'Raze', usually the perfect vitriolic ending but now thrown away mid-set, ebbs and flows towards the inevitable roaring climax. That you've seen it coming countless times does nothing to reduce its impact. Similarly, 'Safe As Houses', even after so many listens, is one of those songs that sends you running through brick walls to yell its name at passing strangers, effortlessly putting little shivers down your spine as the riffs suddenly come bombing at you from all sorts of weird angles. That it gets you every time, without fail, might be considered one definition of greatness. In these two cameos of lo-fi invention lies Caretaker's genius, but much of their set hints towards even greater achievements. With a new mini-album due in the summer, all they need now is to match such quality in everything they (eventually) write. After yet another not-so-minor victory, almost anything seems possible.

When Dustball split up a couple of years ago, they were forced to reform due to something approaching a public outcry. Which makes their return to the nation's sub-consciousness on a wave of resounding apathy all the more mysterious. But, having gone to school and negotiated a line-up change in the meantime, they return better than ever, dragging themselves up by their frayed bootlaces virtually from scratch. And, right on cue, with bass-player Tarrant demanding "noise, goddam you", that's just what we get.... a racket which can still count itself amongst Oxford's - even Britain's - finest. They almost shamble their way through the set, but by simply being themselves, Dustball are superb. For all its fast and furious delivery and buzzing riffs, though, this is dirty, lo-fi noise that soars above the average by being so much more than the sum of its parts. In their own unassuming way, these are well-constructed songs; slice after slice of beautifully understated guitar purity, charming tunesmithery at its very best - bloody great huge, raw pop tunes which have a delightful habit of descending into blathering, crashing chaos. And an even more delightful habit of dragging a bright and shiny chorus from the resulting carnage. Each song is a minor frenzy of fuzzy riffs and fractious harmonies, forever on the edge of a burning abyss and threatening to fall down any number of flights of stairs at any moment. But then it breaks to an angelic vocal and it's even more stunning. Several generations of pop superstardom ago, Dustball were on the verge of breaking out of this circuit bound for infinitely bigger and better places. This time, you can't let them fail - and, believe me, it really would be your fault. No pressure, now, just give this band the success it deserves.... Maybe their association with the apparently 'cooler' rock dudes in The Rock Of Travolta will help them. Because this is a band so wonderfully theatrical, with enough attitude and rock n' roll poses, to go just about as far as they want to. Even before their hardcore techno intro has finished, they're already throwing more ridiculous shapes than most bands would dare in an entire career, but when they eventually launch into a flourishing, angular groove, it all makes perfect sense. This is a group for whom the grand gesture is a way of life, a six-piece post-rock beast dressed in black who simply know that their band is better than yours. And not just because Radiohead said so. Huge great chords vie for attention against swirling synth lines, only to mutate in an instant to delicate, chiming beauty that still sounds just as vast. Yet these are not the art-rock soundscapes you might expect; it's far more direct than that, and, for all the clear, contradictory influence of the likes of Mogwai or Add N to (X), they are just a rock band who want to mess with your mind. When that cello and not-so-subtle wash of keyboards pierces the heart of another guitar wall, it lifts off from nowhere, the jangly darkness and pulsing theramin kicking up a real storm that drags you along for miles. Then they launch into something called 'I Am Your Father', throwing more Quo guitar poses in the midst of a huge obtuse riff that, from out of nowhere, becomes the Darth Vader theme. Cue more trashing of equipment and foot-on-monitor preening, hurled instruments and noise-infested darkness, as they leave us to comprehend the enormity of it all and whether it did actually just happen. Like they said, their band IS better than yours. (Steve Gibbs)

PART CHIMP/REYNOLDS/FIXIT KID

Live: Upstairs at the Garage, Highbury, London - Another fine night in the eminently tasteful company of The Silver Rocket Club. Grooving to My Bloody Valentine, Prolapse and Yummy Fur AND three great bands on stage? I think so... First in the firing line are Fixit Kid and their fearsomely dirty, trashy, feedback-ridden noise. It's an all-out punk-metal-hardcore assault on the senses, with the occasional outburst of dark melody. Then, just as you think it's all fallen apart, in a wall of shrieking, howling noise, they somehow manage to rescue... well... something from the carnage, before finally trashing mic stands and ripping apart their bass guitar and stalking off stage. A fine start. Tonight Reynolds (bloody Reynolds!) lapse into old-skool mode, but still play metal as it should be played, lurching ever deeper and building ever stronger, drifting apparently nowhere before taking us even higher than before. They

drive intricately onwards, riffs almost falling in on themselves or weaving delicate patterns, only to do a complete u-turn and retrace their steps exactly. At times it seems like they're just jamming out a break, others they're crashing headfirst into a totally unexpected 7/4 groove. Both incarnations can be just as powerful, complementing the other superbly, as they keep one thread of a riff going for ages, fade to almost nothing, and then make a burst of metallic violence seem perfectly natural.

Following each other's tentative lead, an insistent hitch-beat sounds almost understated until it jerks back to life ten times its original power, finally drifting into the distance on the back of one last chiming rhythm. Reynolds know that great heavy metal is forged from both muscle and intellect. Tonight they have more of both than a whole issue of Kerrang!

It was in this very venue, some 18 months ago, that Ligament played their very last gig, supported then by a bunch of ne'er-do-wells called Mogwai. Now, one half of Ligament is resurrected in the guise of Part Chimp, a lurching, lumbering slab of proto-blues that wins you over through sheer persistence alone. It opens on a bout of staccato heaviness, like Mogwai's loud bits on a thousand downers, before a mournful yell shakes you out of the groove and it all staggers to an abrupt halt. He then begins to leap precariously about the stage, like a giant trying not to crush entire cities with each step. Maybe they lack the guile to really catch fire, but some of the riffs swarm and slash like Geiger Counter or Zen Guerrilla, rumbling relentlessly on and not stopping until they hit a dirge of a carol that is rescued only when it bludgeons you into submission. So the jury remains out on Part Chimp, for the time being at least. But only the hardest of hearts would deny them a second chance. (Steve Gibbs)

CHECK ENGINE/ZU/GUAPU - Live: Upstairs at the Garage, Highury - A celebration of wilful sonic awkwardness, and an exhilarating exploration into the outer-reaches of melody, courtesy of the English, Italian and American entries. Guapo are the home-town contingent, with their lineup recently expanded to include a keyboard player and subsequently sounding the best they've ever been. Still it's the freeform bass drone and extended drum solo headed straight for oblivion, but now with added orchestral melody to soften the blow. They've taken a step back, spread their wings a bit, but, of course, continue to take great delight in inflicting it all upon us. It's like the soundtrack to a Japanese snuff movie, and all strangely hypnotic, the keyboards spiralling out of sight, only to break to a wall of pure white light, while the rhythm section rumbles obliviously on. Then it builds inexorably from nowhere, a howling drone rising to meet the seemingly random percussion with tentacles reaching out to envelop everybody and everything. Rarely can one man have had such a galvanising effect on a band; with Guapo, strength has been found in increased numbers.

From Italy come Zu, furthering the themes of discordant brass and indiscriminate rhythm. At times it's in the vein of John Zorn fronting a bad Primus jam session, the squawking sax and angular bass-lines, but there's definitely some sort of underlying infectious groove to it, in the midst of all the experimental noise. It's elusive but also perfectly accessible, with short bursts of

tunefulness and an energising edge complementing the intricate madness.

You don't always know where the hell they're going, but you sure want to hitch along with them, as they drop to a mournful, late night ambience, only to inevitably crash back in with more raging jazz discord. Yet those brass-lines are naggingly, peculiarly familiar, briefly evoking the theme from The Sweeney or some long-lost Abba song before veering off into another zone entirely.

And that bass-player might be Monkey Boy's long-lost twin, with his gawky dancing and excruciating face-pulling and deranged stage antics. It's clearly catching, this elastic bass-abuse and nonsensical rambling. Spoken in all the best places, the universal language of the dominant 7th discord.

Check Engine's sinewy, tattooed saxophone-player, the one with the smiling eyes and the cheeks puffed out like he's sucking on a couple of golf balls, fixes us with another stare and continues playing a song that is quite possibly called 'so we got some balls can balls what else we got?'

You'll recognise this man as Steve Sostak, leader of another bunch of Chicagoan innovators called Sweep The Leg Johnny, and his influence shines through every pore of their set. Yet he is now but one focus of an amazing rock n roll band, a great jumping punk rock band with the biggest pop songs and an invigorating jazz edge. They might almost be Sweep with added soul power, fronted by Smokin' Joe Cannon, also known as Guy Comfortable, the most righteous guitarist you ever saw, the James Dean Bradfield of math-rock with his cocksure strut and diesel-soaked vocals. Or maybe they're even taking a step towards the recently-polluted waters of emo. But you only need to know that this is rock n roll, first and foremost, a beautiful, sprawling vision with all five individuals locking into the same gloriously hazy groove, all pulling in the same direction but each bringing a different angle or texture to the proceedings. It lifts off like a jetplane and floats like a hummingbird, such elegance only possible with fierce commitment and the hardest work.

Their obvious relaxation and enjoyment is clearly borne of total confidence, and it's impossible to resist. Even if Joe and drummer Nuke Swayze seem intent on fighting each other before the night is over. It all makes for a delightful, heart-in-mouth set, effortlessly encompassing more contrasts and extremes than most bands even realise exist. And, as if you couldn't guess, it was some celebration. (Steve Gibbs)

LESS THAN JAKE

album "Goodbye Blue & White" (Fueled By Ramen) - A reissue of the album that was only available via mail order and at gigs - a bunch of early singles and tracks previously found only on compilations - it's that energetic ska punk pop that you all know by now - album title is a tribute to their first blue and white Chevy tour van: bands get attached to things like tour vans you know, they call it tour van pride. Actually this blasting set of old singles and compilation tracks has an extra bit of refreshing punk rock energy to it and I'd say this is probably the most essential of all Less Than Jake's releases. The ska punk heroes done good and this is a fine fine round up and there's excellent sleeve notes telling you the whole story of that much loved Chevy Nomad - it's worth it just for the sleeve notes - makes me want to get out on tour again right now, there's nothing like waiting for the van to turn up then piling in on top of the amps. I haven't enjoyed a Less Than Jake album so much in ages. Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604, USA. www.fueledbyramen.com - Available in the UK via www.plastichead.com

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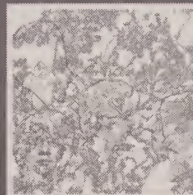
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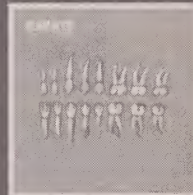
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A two song, 26 minute foray into longer song structures which represents a more abstract side of Karate, but without completely abandoning the craft of songwriting.

SINGLES SINGLES SINGLES.....

ELECTRONIC EYE MACHINE "Jesus Song" - This is different, that's important, it needs a reaction, it's a charity shop MGM musical. I like this, it's kind of bedroom lo-fi with massive tiny arrangements - Brian Wilson arrangements. Acoustic delicacy, analogue whirrs, refined bleeps - a fine set of questions, a fine set of unassuming possibilities - "do something different like you're not supposed to". www.electroniceyemachine.com

BLUE LIGHT FEVER "DJ" (Salt) - Coming on like the all seeing white van man behind very dark glasses - more sussed leftfield danced up electro-funk cut ups from Manchester - the follow up to "Shutdown" - dirty edged flies-fried-on-lampshades with a Fatboy side-serving - what's gonna be? What's it gonna be? no agony? Catch it all on CCTV. The slightly dark rather sinister soundtrack to your tenth life or something like that - like we asked before, who was that White Van Man? A lot more than just another dancerecord, don't ignore it, there's X factor here www.saltrecords.com

DESPARECIDOS "What's New For The Fall" (Wichita) - Bright Eyes singer/songwriter Conor Oberst fronting a five piece distorted confessional spiky edgy rock band who make The Fall sound rather smooth and refined in comparison - it's urgently raw until the vocal kicks in and goes all Pavementish and a little tooooooo angsted out and alternatively American for it's own good, and then you release it has to be that way when you actually listen - that's what it is, that's where it's from, that's what it's pointing fingers at - and the voices in the background, the conversations over credit card transactions and the screams - it's kind of At The Drive In for Pixies fans who haven't quite sacrificed human values for the dollar bill - he's got to be somewhere in the middle - the denouncement of the new American dream is almost not enough - a vital piece of modern day American dream wake up calling - you'll find no one driving. Far better than Pavement ever were actually, I apologise for the earlier comment. A vital single, you need it, you attorney in the white whale advises it. www.wichita-recordings.com

PANDA GANG "Merciful" (BDI) - Their third single is a soulful slice of 60/70's flavoured blues fuelled brit pop - a Traffic, an Ocean Colour Scene with far more soul, the b-side is a classic piece of almost Motownesque Northern soul that comes in from another time. BDI, 34 Mount Terrace, London, E1 2BB.

FLICKKNIFE RICKSHAW "Spring Collection 02" (Yassaba) - As if Blur were a bratty ratty mocking (almost self mocking?) punk rock band who knew where the crack where strip really was - they live in a dump, in a very big dump in the city... if Blur were really from London estates and not middle class kids from middle England, if they really did step over the junkies in the road, performed the occasional Flying Medallion style scam (Flickknife Rickshaw evolved out of The Flying Medallions). The front cover photo is of a rather dilapidated inner city skateboard bowl. Flickknife Rickshaw know it's the ghetto rats who run the real show - it's not defeatist just realistic. Flickknife Rickshaw are a London band, they're gritty, they're real but that doesn't mean they're bleak - this is bouncy punk-pop and the ghetto rats have nowhere else to go so they're bouncing and the Flicknives reflect their surroundings in the way that The Pistols (and The Medallions) did. Frontman Alex Johnson is somewhere between Damon Albarn and Johnny Rotten and despite all the realism it's a perversely hopeful sound. "Remembrance" is defiant. "Sorry To Be A Burden" is the finest of four, almost a throwback to the early anger of These Animal Men and S*M*A*S*H but there's that little extra twist (for those of you who knows about these things, it's very Gog Magog - that's a big compliment coming from us). Make the effort. Yassaba, PO Box 6364, London, N22 8LA www.flickkniferickshaw.com

SHOE "Eric Overseas" (All Gone Wrong) Debut single from the Exeter outfit - it's mellow, restrained, horn ska flavoured punk pop of a Less Than Jake caught in the grey English rain nature, decent enough early moves, sound like they'd be powerful live. All Gone Wrong c/o The Cavern, 83-84 Queen Street, Exeter, EX4 3RP. www.shoe-online.co.uk

KING OF WOOLWORTHS "Dew Point EP" (Mantra) More from the self confessed sample scavenger from Manchester - this time he's brought in the ultimate sampler, yes, the warm hum of mellotron adds to the crisp ice-like mellow restrained filmoid nature of The Kings' soundscapes. Four new tracks following on from the well received debut album "Ming Star". Sunken Field has an uplifting Orb feel, like fluffy clouds drifting over pylons.... The King moves on, this is his best so far; remember now, all cats are masters of double bluff and are more fond of you that they will admit. www.kingofwoolworths.com www.mantrarecordings.com

THE FAINT "Agenda Suicide" (Fierce Panda) - This particular Faint are from Nebraska, they deal out electrorock that sounds like Devo doing Heaven 17. The sound of some kind of new toy tubeway army, break out the long coats and fiddle while Romo burns again (or something), they might be giants...

LEAVES "Breath" (7176) - woaaaah, Starsailor warning, hang on though, there's a little Icelandic texture and the second song is rather beautiful with it's moody slide guitar and it's Sigur Ros brush strokes - second song Favour is a shimmering delicate thing. That lead track will probably get all over the radio and give you completely the wrong idea. www.leaves.tv

SINGLES SINGLES SINGLES.....

HIMSA "Death Is Infinite" (Revelation) - They say they look at their negative surroundings and expel their disgust through their music to cleanse their existence - they do it with twisted intensity, extreme metal with a destructive confrontational bent and a pronkoid twist in there with the thrashing speed and the hardcore aggression. There a technical precision to their extreme metal, we like it. Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232, USA www.revelationrecords.com available via www.plastichead.com

THE CAUSE CD "Human Condition" (Revelation) - Blistering frenzied good old U.S Hardcore punk rock. Passionately aggressive in an AFI/Good Riddance/Boy Sets Fire way... There's a reason here, it's not just a sound, it the real thing, it's a cause and they have a need, they've been pushed but they're not moving... recommended. The Cause, Box 230722, Encinitas, CA 92023-0722, USA. www.tearidownrecords.com/thecause - Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232, USA www.revelationrecords.com available in the UK via www.plastichead.com

ABDOUJAPAROV - "Emergency Medical Hologram" (Spinach) - You're feeling shitty? put on this little ditty - Abdoujaparov, Jim's Super Stereo whatever - neither can help sounding like our beloved Carter USM however hard they may or may not try. This is Fruitbat's half growing old disgracefully and we love it/them and the Unstoppable Sex Machine and they're sounding as good as ever and you know you should believe all the lies on CNN and they should give this away in the malls www.spinach-records.co.uk

ENGERICA "My Demise" (Scarlet) - A sugar rush of twisted arrogant Essex power punk, the first track sounds almost like the legendary Gog Magog, it really does - bratty bastards. The second track is a moody Remote Control/Placeboish thing with a hit of Fagan picking a pocket or two with the sneer and the strut and the nervous big ball of light that could roll back on them while Muse cling on to the coat-tails of those Billy Corganish vocals. We like it, you'll like it, throw it in there with the current crop of revitalising indie guitar bands with attitude - Miss Black America, Desman, Fake Ideal.... www.engerica.com

SAHARA HOTNIGHTS "On Top Of Your World" (RCA) - An even popier Joan Jett And The Blackhearts anyone? Got a problem with that? It's up to you.

THE CORAL "Skeleton Key EP" (Deltasonic) This time they sound like cowboy gunslinging pirates smashing plates in a Greek restraint, they sound like Wizards Of Twiddly with poisoned electric heads. Scallies singing sea shanties until the deranged cheesy disco bit that just shouldn't happen on a single. Good.

WOODSTAR - "Time To Bleed" (Regal) - Sad, melancholic, polite, oh no, another Starsailor...

THE BELL RAYS "Fire On The Moon" (Poptones) - Soul powered, Stooge-edged, Who flavoured R&B.... Black Flag playing righteous Motown, that'll do fine. www.bellrays.com www.poptones.co.uk www.pattismithland.com

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SINGLES SINGLES SINGLES.....

CLEAN "Room 16" (Sugarshack) Unremarkable tidy trip-hop pop.... nothing that exciting, sorry, don't know why I bothered typing it out really.

ILL NINO "What Comes Around" (Roadrunner) Standard issue, over-polished product pushing safe as lukewarm baked beans risk-free Nu-metal non adventure - tediously over-produced and not an inch of identity.

THE BREEDERS "Off You" (4AD) First material since '93's Last Splash. Just the thought of a return from the Breeders is enough to cause a widespread outbreak of knowing smiles and licks of anticipation. "Off You" is extremely sublime, an almost instrumental performance of reflected (nearly) fragile beauty and then the sassy strut of "Little Fury" kicks in with it's Deal Sisters-driven stomp - they don't need brutality, they're far too powerful for that. Never ever predictable and sounding cooler and even more refreshing than they ever did - is this second track the coolest Breeders moment ever? It doesn't get much better than The Breeders and this is The Breeders at their unpredictable understated restrained best.... The Breeders are probably the coolest band in the world, how we needed this return.

ELECTRALANE "I Want to Be The President" (Let's Rock!) - Astounding sounds, amazing music said the pilot of PXR5 - Grrl powered locked on lo-fi keyboard squelch for Hawklords and Stereolab assistants everywhere. Electralane make great grrrl powered space rock. www.electralane.com

DEFEAT THE YOUNG - "Defeat The Young" Three delicate songs of a style and quality rarely heard at the moment; those of you who have discovered the delights of 70's underground independants Henry Cow/Slapp Happy, Hatfield and the North, Urgal Health - or indeed loved them first time around - will be strongly urged to hunt down this record. Defeat The Young are composer Richard Larcombe joined by brother James and musicians from the Monsoon Bassoon and Geiger Counter; Richard and James have also appeared as The Stars In Battledress. Though a first official recording from the Larcombes the production is excellent, a warm expansive sound, the lush vocal harmonies on 'Bad Penny Says She Likes Me' melting with simple cello, acoustic guitar and harmonium, the second track's cheesy distorted organ pleasantly raw. 'King Of A Frozen World' is very Sea Nymphs/Mr and Mrs Smith and Mr Drake (a big influence on Defeat The Young, I'm sure they won't mind me saying). Currently, you can only get hold of this record at Defeat The Young gigs, or by emailing for more information to defeat_the_young@hotmail.com

BOEDEKKA "Lazybones EP" - More McCartney flavoured Beatleisms where everyone else does it Lennon style - like we told you last time, they have a certain pleasing quality to them

GENITORTURERS "FLESH IS THE LAW" (G-Force) - More of the dominatrix called Gen and her collared fetish hymns that would scare the heels off of Marilyn Mason. Electro industrial torture garden metal - opens up with a track called Lecher Bitch (and she was the nicest politest person ever when we interviewed back around issue 26 and she explained her other life in the medical world). Public Enemy #1 sounds like Wendy O Williams messing with Amen in a goth metal kind of way.. let her mess with you mind, tune in to her global noise attack at www.genitortures.com

THE PIN UPS "The Telesales EP" (Velocity) Pin Ups were once the most glorious punk rock band in the world, they very nearly made history up above that bookshop, hey pissed everyone off - they nearly, for 15 seconds, did almost become the Sex Pistols - but that was a few years ago now and they know well they blew it all - they probably always did want to blow it and they know they were washed up ages ago and they sing about how it won't happen - it won't but they've still got some attitude in there, alas it's all too late now. Velocity, PO Box 2168, Reading, Berks, RG1 7FN

THE SUNSET SOUND "Bordertown" (Velocity) - This is so good, classic West Coast psychedelic harmonised hopeful pop with just enough teenage energy attitude. Think classic Byrds/C.S.N.Y/Beach Boys/Mull Historical Society for Ash/Lemonheads fans. They have great details, refined dripping delicate harmonies, this is recommended. Velocity Recordings, PO Box 2168, Reading, Berks, RG1 7FN. £3.50 inc P&P payable to Abuse Ltd

CLINIC "Come Into Our Room" (Domino) This glows, this is Clinic's finest moment yet. They're right, if Suicide were a disco band, if Joy Division offered you a 5.00am come down zone - they're sinister, they could be in touch with the illuminati, this is where Clinic finally grabbed me, now I know why.

THE KENNEDY SOUNDTRACK "Killing Music" (Instant Karma) - Didn't like them live over with Miocene, and this is even worse. People from Wales singing with American accents, they sound like a manufactured nu-metal crossover synthed up East 17 with bad rap tendencies - sounds a little fake to me... the kind of half arsed shite that's killing music you might say - far far worse than Alien Ant Farm, East 17, O-Town, Crazytown, Pisttown or any other dreadful band you could ever mention - dreadful dreadful dreadful

VEGA 4 "Better Life EP" (Taste Media) - Gorgeously uplifting anthemic life affirming guitar music that's good for the same glorious reasons that Remy Zero are good, or Live or U2 or.... and when he's sings "It's alright, We can fly...." you really feel you can believe him. The only disappointment is the way that lead song fades out in such an unresolved way, that being too picky though. The other three tracks are just as good, start spreading words, you'll be hearing voices. www.vaga4.com www.tastemedia.com

LITTLE 10 "Haski-Coast EP" (Essential) - A half decent Pearl Jam type band - www.little10.com

SINGLES SINGLES SINGLES.....

MILLIONAIRE - "Body Experience Revue" (PIAS) - Deep funk from Belgium - think Evil Superstar, think dEUS, think Zita Swoon, think new wave robots and old school grunge, think Aphex Sabbath, think Zita Swoon some more. Think Prince meets Kyuss while sword fencing with riffs under your table while things fizz and the funk gets thicker and thicker - if Kyuss were to suddenly be a disco band - hell yeah.... and yes yes yes some more, this feels so so good, call everyone you know and tell them. hell, call people you don't know and tell them

ELF POWER - "The Naughty Villain" (Shift Disco) They sound like the pop prog elfness of T-Rex with their wayward psychedelia and flutes and Jethro Tull for Pavement fans moments. They're slightly spooky, they sound like (pre Collins polluted early) Genesis for Guide By Voices fans, they're like giant sunflowers, no they're like giant hogweeds, they're like David Bowie's laughing gnome while spiders laugh and babies cry - they might be giants, giants run through the woods, singing songs, feeling good, spookey Rueben. www.shiftydisco.co.uk

BADLY DRAWN BOY - "Silent Sigh" (XL Recordings) Another Badly Drawn Boy single - it is the best I've ever heard from him, but then that like saying that's the best dog turd I ever stepped in.

MELATON "Falling Star EP" (Sony) - Ah Jesus, another goddamn Starsailor, avoid their insipid melodic lucid niceness like the plague. www.melatonmusic.com

THE MARS VOLTA

"Tremulant" (GSL) - Put it like, this Omar and Cedric, one time ringleaders with that now on indefinite hiatus outfit known to one and all as At The Drive-In, are back in the pond and have taken in right tough the drive, smashed through the screen, KO-s the popcorn stand an gone right out the other side. These three tracks are post Drive-In Post prog psychotic psychedelic prog fugging rock. Take all the post rock cool of At The Drive In, the crescendos of Zeppelin, the preposterous driving noise and violence of Van Der Graaf Generator, and those nervously munching sheep of Pink Floyd - you'd better watch out, there may be dogs around - and push it all out past Sonic Youth in to the kind of space inhabited by non with the possible exception of King Crimson at their most boiled up and off kilter - if we live in any kind of musical world then this should make an even bigger impact that At The Drive-In - this ladies and Gents is the missing link in the prog/post rock chain. These three tracks are as good as those magical King Crimson moments on that live album Earthbound (that was recorded on a four track placed at the back of a stadium in a rain storm) Immense. www.southern.net www.goldstandardlabs.com

FIDGET "Dixon EP" (Supernmusic) Fidget are from Dusseldorf, Germany - it's a kind of flowing melodic nu-metal Lost Prophets kind of thing with a girl singer called Darlene adding to the melodic male voices and the powerful restraint - a band in constant motion, nu-metal with a rare bit of identity - impressive. www.supernmusic.de

LONGWAVE "Exit Ambien" (Hummer) - Muscular base lines mix with a Smiths/ Psychedelic Furs vibe and hints of Flaming Lips/REM. They're from America and they're feeding off Johnny Marr effect peddles. www.longwavetheband.com

COMA KAI

"Fire Kills Children" (PLNT) - New Skool nu-metal energetic bluster for Snot/Stoopi/Pulkas.... They're doing it very very well, they've all the energy of bands like Pulkas or early Vacant Stare, they scream, they shout, they spit their aggressive metal riffs out, they ask why you pull faces at them - they scream "why?". There's a hell of a lot of crunching bleeding puss filled aggressive nu metal out there screaming for attention, these guys have delivered an EP that stand way out above the crowd. Go grab it and go grab it right now.... yeap, there's people in the street complaining "Turn that down of shut you bloody window, there's people trying to sleep around here" yeap, the neighbours like it. YES, GO GET IT. Coma Kai, 4a Fennel Way, Abingdon, Oxon, OX14 3TL

HUNDRED REASONS "Silver" (Columbia) That melodic emotional indie guitar sound that has just the right amount of challenge to keep Hundred Reasons right there in your heart - just where they should be.

GRAND ORAL "Love The Taste EP" (Five45) - Another single from the ever productive Grand Oral and this time they're sounding like a male fronted PJ Harvey ("Rid On Me" era)/Dinosaur Jnr thing. Always worth checking out. www.grandoral.co.uk

WILL HAVEN - "Carpe Diem" (MFN) - They've been pretty much setting the standards for the intelligent side of hardcore flavoured new-metal for some time and show no signs of relaxing with this latest typically off kilter single - as recommended as ever. www.willhaven.com

THE SUFFRAJETS "Hold These Eyes" (Poolside) Still sounding like rather average indie-metal guitar girls. Twist did it far far better - you really want them to rip, but no, still not doing much (in a recorded state) for me, still far too insipid and polite when you want them to either spit howl and rage or come up with the kind of songs bands like The Breeders, Twist or indeed Hole at their best can/could - not enough, this is not enough, they once boasted (in a press release with an awful demo) about being the new Hole, they haven't backed that up yet.

GERLING "Dust Me Selecta" No.

THE BARDO "Question Persuade Refer" (Riverman) - This latest move comes on like a more urgent Placebo mixing it with the Smashing Pumpkins and a bit of Jane's Addiction, I rather like it.

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LITMUS/GUAPO

live Kensal Green

Paradise Bar Hey, they've acquired yet another keyboard player! That's plain greedy, but the results are great. Litmus play serious space-rock, a beefy synth-swirling relentless groove that takes on classic Hawkwind at its own game and wins. If there is a better band of this genre gigging in the UK at the moment, we've yet to discover them. Litmus come highly recommended.

Guapo have been described in the past as a bludgeoning wall of noise, but knowing their tastes - these guys supplied me with my first Ruins and Koenji-Hyakkei fix a long time ago - there's more to them than that. Their sound is monumental, but with a similar approach to Godspeed You Black Emperor building up layers of detail, harnessing serendipity into tightly rehearsed progressions. The drummer is quite simply sweat-flying phenomenal, and almost all of the density and variety of timbre is supplied by the effects-enhanced bass playing. The keyboardist adds more colour and melody on top, gradually increasing his violence towards one hapless instrument until the inevitable flight from the stage, the shattering keys. Like GodspeedYBE, there is that striving for a unique physical or even spiritual experience through music, even in the most noise drenched moments. Guapo leave a sense of physically wrestling the sound from their instruments, of pounding the noise like clay into beautiful shapes.

LOWSPARK "Incubation e.p." (Safari) Hard-to-define experimental guitar and synth grooves with post-rock moodiness. Speak and spell vocals on "If I Had A Soul" (in the style of OK Computer) with home made beatbox drums and freeform analogue blurps make for a unique combination, the Human League's seminal Being Boiled comes to mind. Track three claims to have been 'recorded live at the Royal Albert Hall 1966' - we can take this with a pinch of salt though the singer does a passable Jagger thing over the oddball guitar and loose, almost early 80's synth shuffle. They're interesting germs of ideas that are content to lurk in the background in a scruffy, red-eyed way, observing life and occasionally making weird comments.. email: lowsparknet@hotmail.com for details.

PROGRESSIVE EARS

Sampler "Earsongs" If you are at all interested in prog in all its manifestations you won't find a better forum on the internet than www.progressiveears.com. This forum started life as a Yahoo club but when its huge popularity outgrew Yahoo's clunky, ever malfunctioning interface, a couple of members decided to spend their own money and time on recreating it as a stand-alone site. The result has proved such a huge success that the Prog Ears forum has swelled in one year to almost 1000 members, mainly American but with getting on for representative in every country. Not only does it now have a fast and friendly interface, and massive links, band encyclopaedia, news and images sections, but the original welcoming and open-minded vibe of the original site has been preserved and the flow of information on new and obscure bands is second to none. Also - no spam or adverts! Not one! Progressive Ears is a non-profit site. Naturally, there exists amongst its members a certain number of musicians, and to help fund the forum several bands and solo artists have donated tracks to a compilation album, "Earsongs". The result reflects the broad church of music that is covered in Prog Ears, the quality of the music ranges from the 'hmmmm' to the absolutely essential, thankfully with a heavy bias towards the latter! A standout moment for me is the mellotron feast that is the start of 'Labyrinth Suite' - pure float-to-the-ceiling uplifting Gabrielesque pomp - but its not the only one. One thing this compilation shows is that this is a genre that does not limit the imagination: here's a fusion of VanDer Graaf Generator and Diamanda Galas from The Red Masque alongside Mindworm's spot-on 'Selling England...' style quirkiness, an acrobatic Zappa/Mahavishnu instrumental by John Curtis... lots more to get your teeth into and a few emergent bands to chase up. \$12.99 from www.progressiveears.com -they use paypal

SUN O)))

album "Flight Of The Behemoth" (Southern Lord) - Post rock noise and pain for total metalhead noise freaks, bowel shaking bass bin abusing feedback drenched riff stretching that makes the adventures of Earth seem tame in comparison. They open with a track called "Mocking Solemnity" and what a low end doomed out thing and beauty it is, like everything is in super slowmo and even if you want to move faster gravity won't let you... check out the title of track five - "FWTBT (I Dream Of Lars Ulrich Being Thrown The Bus Window Instead Of My Master Mystikall Kliff Burton)" (sic). Sunn O))) is a collaboration between Goatsnake's Greg Anderson and Khanate/Burning Witch's Steven O'Malley minimal heavy metal noise and if it's not messing with your head enough Merzbow drops in to remix a couple of tracks - sonic violence indeed. www.southern.net is where you can track it down.

THE PAISLEY WHEELCHAIR EXPERIENCE

CD single 'Gold/Live and Let Die' Once we'd ploughed through the mountain of tinsel and confetti they sent us, we found this CD. There's a none too reverent cover of Spandau Ballet's 'Gold' complete with 'Mission Impossible' interlude and a slightly silly version of 'Live And Let Die' on it, somewhat in the style of David Devant and his Spirit Wife. I suspect that the PWE are a lot of fun live. www.communityzero.com/paisley

ROADSAW

album "Rawk N' Roll" (Lunasound) - It does exactly what it says on the tin: Rawk and indeed roll. Road burning, biker hogging, truck stop abusing rock 'n roll that's burning right to the county line. You've heard it before: Kyuss, Fu Manchu, Backsliders, The Masons (THE MASONSI!!!!) Evil Knievel, Khang - you know the score. Roadsaw deliver the goods, their freak flag is flying high - it's a longhaired rock thing and I never did feel that right with people who feel the need to cut their hair. www.lunasoundrecording.com. Find it in the UK via plastichead.com

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MAKATO KAWABATA

album 'Infinite Love' (Ochre) Gentle

throbs and drones with a lilting, moth's wing lightness from the main man of The Acid Mothers Temple. Perhaps you might find it absurd to listen to a full album made up of endless notes or tuned noise, or that it's a good idea but you would only need somebody to do it once. In reality, the emotional possibilities of sculpting pure sound without the artificial constraints of melody and rhythm - pure harmonics - can reveal all sorts of things about the composer or the times. Kawabata's 'Infinite Love' has a quality to it, a personality, distinct from others I've heard: an organic richness combined with a delicacy of touch. First track, 'See You In A Same Dream Tonight' has the most 'psychedelic' Hillage-styled timbres, reminiscent of the Acid Mothers Temple's abstract moments, sometimes leaning toward the machine-made lonely sounds of a city stirring before dawn. The final, thirty-two minute track is extremely quiet and all the better for it. No jarring or sudden sounds are permitted but always a slow ebbing and flowing. It could have been created by an orchestra of gongs, feedback, reverbed violins or singing bowls or old synths, but astonishingly everything comes from Kawabata's guitar, recorded in one take. Sometimes the glissando drones make a rich, slightly ominous chord, sometimes they become both barely audible and ecstatic, as if smiling. Eventually, deep into the track, a numinous, vast melody swirls out of the light. Kawabata has had some interesting things to say about his improvised performances: "I never think that it's me making the music, or of music as a means of self-expression. In my head I constantly hear sounds from the cosmos (or God, or whatever you want to call it). I believe that these sounds are constantly there, all around us. I'm just like the receiver in a radio, picking up these sounds and transforming them with my hands into a form that everyone can hear. I'm constantly striving to become a better receiver - picking up sounds from ever higher dimensions, reproducing them ever more exactly. That's my aim." He might be on to something, as the result is a both immensely calming and goosebump-inducing experience that genuinely reaches towards the spiritual. Ochre Records, PO Box 155, Cheltenham, Glos, GL51 0YS www.ochre.co.uk

SERAFIN

'EP1: Day By Day' There are plenty of young bands who claim to be influenced by The Pixies and/or Nirvana, but very few who would come close to comprehending the how or why both bands were so special. Serafin are different. Whilst far too many bands in recent history thought a bit of welly and an imaginary drug habit were the key to the magic, Serafin knew the secret hiding in plain sight: its the songs, dummy. Killer, killer tunes that you don't get out of a box, tunes that would sound good on a kazoo, let alone played with the attitude and energy of four superb no-nonsense musicians. Tunes that rock, and sometime send shivers, crafted together with atmospheres, energy held back then released. Delicate interplay between bass and guitar, teasing chunks of melody like sweets thrown into a moshpit - stuff you don't get out of a few bedroom jams but from long hours of searching and honing toward that ultimate buzz. They then deliver those songs with a crunchy directness that's irresistible. This EP is a great introduction, capturing that live directness and showing off guitarist/frontman Ben Fox Smith's voice and the neat harmonies in a way that the gig sound often obscures. The CD includes tasty QuickTime live footage of them supporting Muse at the Brixton Academy, and making an impact, judging by the reaction. For all their growing reputation, Serafin are another one of those I Can't Believe They're Not Bigger outfits; they're the future favourite band of thousands. If they play your local venue, see them and get Serafin up close and personal while you still can.

EARTHTONE 9....MIKA BOMB...CICCONE ...WATERDOWN...FONY

- Live, The Garage, Highbury, London Nobody advertised the fourth band on, so we were still in the pub over the road, selling Organs to the gathering ET9 fans whilst whoever they were playing. Fony are well into their set by the time we've offloaded our big bag of 'zines to the queue, and get inside the already heaving, smoke infested venue. They're gradually improving their mix of potentially emotional melodic nu-metal - their time is yet to come, they get better every time we see them, they're far better now than they were last time (and last time was better than time before). But they still don't really stand out, we'll give them some decent coverage when they start to excite us - it's getting closer, the hard work is starting to pay off... Germany's Waterdown are a band that have a lot of people dropping their name but hey, hit me over the head with a red marshmallow hammer if the rather cliché mix of what the industry perceives as standard "emo" and some kind of heard-it-before dual vocal nu-metal really has anything that stands out. After a few songs down at the front in the pit, really trying hard to feed off it, we're looking for an escape route - this is not good. Hang on, aren't Ciccone playing upstairs - quick, leg it - ah yes, this is more like it, the last stand of the 90's zine powered teen punk revolution. There's very few zines now and the teens aren't teens anymore (and History wasn't quite made, even though the Pin Ups are still hanging on). Ciccone are still the antidote to the conforming bands downstairs: they have a vital spark of energy in their fizzing punk pop that we've been missing all night. Ciccone aren't conforming for anyone, they don't really give a shit (well, they probably do, but it doesn't show), they're growing up and they don't care about that either. They really really should be all over Saturday morning TV with their fizzy pop and Rebekka's flying V guitar and leg it leg it leg it should be sung from every street corner, with its shouty boy/girl calls to Disco Pistol style pop revolution. You can't help but be happy at a Cicconi gig. Just enough time to catch a snippet of Mika Bomb's girl Ramones punk pop energy before we go downstairs again (one of the advantages of regularly hiring both the Garage venues to put gigs on is that we can get away with running from one venue to another).

So three albums and five years on and Earthtone 9 are calling a halt to it all before it goes sour. The venue is ridiculously rammed, it's hard to breathe or think in the jabbering hell of the Garage back bar. The only solution is to join the reality of the legions who've travelled from all over the land to gather down the front in the pit to collect one last set of bruises and stage divers landing on heads - sometimes you just have to get right in there and connect with it all. Earthtone 9 have the place bursting at the seams as people clamber for one last chance at their forward looking metal and you're thinking, yeah, they're right, for once a band know when to leave - in another dimension they could have been as big as say Tool, they could have made many more albums, they could have really evolved into... it doesn't matter now... no, it's the right time, they were right not to linger over their own demise - people are hugging each other in the pit, big smiles, big knowing smiles - the end is a triumph (most of their lifespan has been a triumph), when some wag yells "You're far better than those f***ing Lost Prophets", the band cattily reel out a Prophets riff, is there a hint of bitterness there? People start chant for them to reform they leave, no encore. What a band they've been... what a triumphant departure.

EARTHTONE 9 "Omega EP" (Copro) - The final release from ET9 and it's as strong as anything they've done - their intelligent melodic is more restrained than ever here. Earthtone 9 have consistently been one of the very best bands in the UK over the last five years. This actually has a Little Giant Drug/Kings X feel to it's Will Havenish sound, and that meaty riff that kicks in three quarters of way through something that could only be from Earthtone 9. And you know, as fine as all their releases have been, this could just be the best and it could have really been the start of something.

BRITISH SEA POWER/CHIMP

live The Spitz, London - There are black and white silent newsreel movies projected on the screen behind the stage, images of a time long long ago. A young couple loading cases and driving off along empty roads to a seaside holiday... smiling people in uniforms doing things with sandbags... a boy scout rally... railway stations. Images that can be too alien to understand or too full of loss to bear; that from that strange twentieth century, the world of the start unrecognisable as the world at the finish. Chimp gather onstage and begin: their warm, simple, beautiful songs bring a lump to the throat. It's gentle, semi-acoustic folk rock with violins, a story based, Robert Wyatt genuine thing that merits further attention. British Sea Power come from Brighton with an entourage of bubbly, uniformed Land Girls and a strange cravat wearing manager-cum-army captain who entertains the troops, er, audience with charts, orders, briefings and banter between acts. Alongside an organised

merchandise stall (where you can purchase goodies like embroidered Sea Power regimental badges), it's the kind of effort bands used to put into their shows. In recent years the it seems beyond most bands to sort out this essential connection with their audiences - many seem to regard gigging as nothing more than a step towards the one goal of 'getting signed', after which the whole world will wipe their arses for them. It's baffling - surely part of the charm of being in a band is the romantic notion travelling to strange towns, capturing a few new fans every time, relentlessly building up that loyal following - that first moshpit where six months ago there were two surly teens and the barman? At so many small gigs today it's an effort to find out who some of the acts are, let alone get on a mailing list or find a demo - British Sea Power send their Land Girls into the crowd to shake hands with everyone and check they're having a good time. Despite the elaborate stage set (which includes a stuffed owl) and the mock military campaign, don't expect anything remotely quirky as their image. This is powerful but pretty straight-ahead songwriting. That Joy Division/New Order singalong bass makes for a particularly British pop alright, with an extra dose of anthemic, uplifting resolution. I can see people getting stuck on that very Joy Division bass sound, but I wonder if JD were ever as loud or full-on as this, besides which there's a lot more going on than that. Their secret weapon is a truly stunning drummer and the tendency for songs to evolve into blistering psychedelic white-outs full of Hawkwind synth-bashing. If they resemble anyone it's The Sound. British Sea Power will stand out like a sore thumb amongst their post-Nirvana peers, blowing them away with a sparkling re-invention that cuts across genres.

EMTREX

single "Curve Of The Earth" (Seriously Groovy) It's a low key yet glowing Slint/Granddaddy sound. Laconic, restrained, slightly fuzzy around the edges - they don't impose, they don't really have to - Fine alternative American rock and a must for Pavement/Mercury Rev fans with it's delicate swirl and refined musicianship - warm and sunny.
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VACANT STARE - VINDICATION INDEED.....

album "Vindication" (Copro) Here it is then, vindication indeed, one of the most anticipated debut albums in a long time and yes - they've done it. The first track - we've got an advance CDr here, so no track listing, sorry - the first track dropkicks in with both the anticipated power and colour and far far more importantly, the not quite so expected melodic maturity. There's an unexpected depth here - powerful, emotional alternative modern metal with an unexpected depth. A punch straight out at those who've been suggesting that Vacant Stare are nothing more than an adrenaline-fuelled bundle of live bluster, that they don't have the musical depth in their crossover recipe to really stand out in a recorded state. Hands up, I'm as guilty as anyone; always thought they were one of the very best live bands out there, but suspected there wouldn't be enough to hold on to in a recorded state over a whole album. I was wrong, there's plenty to keep your attention here, and the surprisingly strong opening tracks chase any doubts right out of the door, up the street and right out of the goddamn town.... Ladies and gents, Vacant Stare have delivered a debut album with far more depth, quality and maturity than any of us really had any right to expect - this is a rival to anything out there that the likes of Alien Ant Farm have dropped recently - it's as melodically powerfully strong as Linkin Park's Hybrid Theory whilst retaining a vital hint or two of unpolished old school thrashing, confrontational brutal power and angry dirt around it's sharp edges. More importantly, Vindication is an album that possesses that vital vital breath of identity lacking from far too many recent releases from the new pack of major players. Fifth track in "I'd Like To Know Where We Stand" (I'm guessing at titles now) sounds like a tiny epic that builds on the foundations of Faith No More in a way Papa Roach can only dream of.... Track six is the first of the more brutal, bleeding, confrontational throat ripping, shadow boxing tracks that we're more familiar with - they said we may think that this is it but we've only heard the half of it - the first really brutal knockout blow, there's still plenty of the pit frothing things you already know and love Vacant Stare for here. The songs that were originally on the demo do sound a little dated next to the new material: the band have already moved on, there are new moves that have that same crossover street power though, don't get the idea that Vacant Stare have gone soft. We expected a brutally good album, we got it; we didn't expect anything with this maturity and depth though. Yes, more than vindication.

VACANT STARE live London Mean Fiddler It can be all too easy not to notice that a band you've seen at their earliest days have grown into something a bit useful. Here's Vacant Stare right under our noses - they've always been 'good', in amongst the original crop of Class of '98 UK metal upstarts like Cynical Smile and Earthtone9, Lost Prophets, Medulla Nocte, Breed77. They've been working hard, real hard, doing the gigs, more than paying their dues. Nothing puts a bit of polish on a rough diamond like a tour: Vacant Stare have just completed a successful UK club trawl, and boy does it show. They have energy and stage presence, a bunch of disparate characters with a sense of fun and camaraderie, looking cool rather than manufactured. The charismatic lead singer looks like a lean, youthful and healthy Ozzy wearing bookish shades. There's a loping man with dreads on the decks, a huge, pummelling, restless drummer, two guitarists, one a compact ball of writhing energy, the other the dead spit of Doggett out of the X-Files (the band confirm later that his nickname was T1000... in school...). No baggy flare/keychain uniform here, then. They also (and this is the important bit) have strong, powerful songs with a melodic kernel that will keep them going when their peers from the nu-metal rebirth have long since flagged. They can do a relentless stomp without ever getting dirty, they engage with the crowd, they can shift gear and whip up a pit with the best of them... yep, there's a sparkle here that's appealing, something a little more satisfying. People are enjoying this, and there's a buzz around the bar of, hey, we liked them but we never knew they were this good... Time to get your teeth into Vacant Stare. Cyclefly were headlining, they never stood a chance. Vacant Stare are the best metal band around.

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SICBAY

album "The Firelit S'coughs These guys are the pure sound of the under-ground. This band make 90% of the others - yes, especially here in the UK - who think they're in love with rock, sound like a dry hump, a jerking away of nerveless tissue (thanks JG). 'I could spend my whole life just listening to sound'. So they're out of the post/art/pronk/Pixies school of rock that says you're allowed to move from 4/4 to 3/4 or nine whatever wheneverthefuck they want - big deal, what matters it that it's set them free to get on with this dark, pure (that word again) hugely stirring guitar and drums (oh, and mel-lotrons) stuff. Honest, raw, with big crude yet elegant riffs, great dynamics that range from raging guitar wall to tuneful atmospherics... what could be better? Heavier moments containing the complexity of Dillinger Escape Plan give way to haunting Pavement/Bark Psychosis nursery rhymes and very early Cardiacs riffage - though, to be honest, it kind of galls me to compare this wonderfully insular, genuine, instinctive album to anything else. Comparisons with superficially similar bands or indeed the pedigrees of the three musicians involved - Nick Sakes, Dave Erb and Ed Rodriguez encompassing The Dazzling Killmen, Iceburn and Colossamite amongst others - doesn't do justice to the peculiarly American atmosphere, the suburban melancholy, anger, beauty, ugliness and sense of place wrapped up together and I COULD SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE JUST LISTENING TO SOUND well, you might just slip it into the rack marked emocore, but this lot in Sicbay came to their own conclusions long ago and the spiky odd shape doesn't quite fit... Nice of the world to get in tune with what they're doing but they would have come up with this album anyway. And some of these feelings don't have handy words to describe them, only chords and sounds - its why sane people get snared in spending their whole lives listening to sound, dragging amplifiers up and down freeways to play with the only two other people in the world who have that same sound in their heads. Somehow this stirs the guts deeper than it should... essential, essential release. More info at: www.sicbay.com www.obtusemule.com . Available from: www.fiftyfourfortyfortight.com . 54/40 or Fight, PO Box 1601, Acme, Michigan 49610 USA

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BOOM BIP & DOSEONE

album "Circle" (The Leaf Label) Now there are times when words won't do and soundbites and bird noises and people in no-piece suits are needed and his wife just bought a clothes dryer - no no no, the last thing this is soundbites, anyone can collage soundbites. You want something like you never ever heard before, you want the invitingly insane mutterings and fresh frustration water and it all lands in tears anyway and....? Am I making any sense? (no.) Look, this isn't collaged soundbites - this works, this flows, this is one whole, he says it's not suppose to make sense but it does, believe me it makes total sense and you'll remember the place on the grass that you're suppose to go and sit and you'll be hooked from play number one and you'll love this record like you no other, you'll keep it in a special place, you'll tape it for others, you'll know what that goose on the canal outside is honking about. There are no boundaries here, no real reference points - it not a dance record, it's not a rock record, it's not a song record - it's none of those things or anything else. It's an avanté hip-hop weave on a wavelength all of it's own, an intricate textured tapestry of a journey, mellow beats, sublime cuts, warm soundscapes and a million surface noises and hip-hop sounds that all bring lyricist Doseone's (also a member of eLoudéad) almost spoken word and almost childlike imagination to such satisfying life. Yes, it may be baffling and sometimes almost rather minimal but hey, it's so refreshing, it's like a cool spring with it's bird calls and chaos theory and bleeps and vinyl crackle and it all flows with such inviting warmth. You'll find this mellow hip-hop warm and refreshing and it could well turn out to be a classic. www.posteverything.com/leaf www.dirtyloop.com - Actually, The Leaf Label is always worth checking out, they may appear to be one of those hi-brow labels you only ever read about in the rather elitist uninviting places like Wire - but no, everything we've encountered has been rather entralling, it's a labour of love - crafted artwork, you get the feeling that they love everything they put out... check out The Leaf Label.

BIBLICAL PROOF OF UFOS album "Biblical Proof Of UFOs" (Superfi) - This is good, hard rocking instrumental nailed-on heavy guitar music. Metal music of a Soundgarden/Zeppelin nature, flavours of things like Rock Of Travolta, No Means No, Rush - actually it's rather refreshing to not have a vocalist, it just makes a change to have some quality instrumental hard rock that's played rather well. It's nothing that complicated-these aren't boring muso types. They can play well, excellent drums, excellent groove. Damn fine album. Superfi PO Box 8974, Birmingham, B17 8BA. website: <http://go.to/superfli>

TRANSISTOR SIX album "Johnny Where's My Purse?" (Blackbean And Placenta) - The Transistor Six sound is just right - maybe it's because the sun is bright outside, no, it would be right whatever the weather. A warm, almost (but not quite) fragile, very personal, very inviting but very private, a glimpse inside Francis Castle - for Transistor Six is the creativity of Francis Castle (she's always interesting, take the time to check out her rather glowing paintings if you can). Here we have experiments in lo-fi collage, delicate songs - a kind of riot grrrr/D.I.Y/Olympia/K Records vibe. Some of it's beautiful, some of it's delightfully strange - "I Collect Plastics" is just bizarre in a very positive way. The noises are crafted, the textures are considered. It's almost country music, it's almost so many things yet ultimately it's like very few things you've ever heard before - some of it's like walking through a hall of mirrors and seeing all kinds of things (like extra hands and contraband) in the reflections and you know well they're not going to be there if you look over your shoulder. The vocals are childlike, the sounds are broken by crackling radio signals, Hawaiian sunset moments, shimmering trumpet sounds Holgar Czukay, Brian Eno's "My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts", Will Self - they all come to mind. Constructed, recorded and programmed on her PC at home, Frances has taken old attic sounds of 30's and 40's folk and country samples and snipped and stretched and made them her own. Bites of dub, beautiful old drum machines, strings, mellotrons, creaking synths and those fragile vocals. There's the story of the man who has a pale feminine hand transplanted on his rough burley arm, there's a song about a boy with a huge head who at night receives ancient radio signals from outer space. Francis has collaborated on this CD (mainly by sending samples and vocal recordings via post and internet) with the Iditarod, Steward, Sexton Ming, Jesse Todd Dockery, Printed Circuit, and The Guy Who Invented Fire. Find out lots more about Francis and her very rewarding music and art at www.transistorsix.co.uk or write to 53c Finsbury Park Rd, London, N4 2JY.

DEATH BY DESIGN

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MAY

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WED 22ND - WOLVERHAMPTON, LITTLE CIVIC
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THE D4 single "Rock N'Roll Motherfucker" (SDZ/Infectious) - They totally rocked in a packed sweatpit of a Barfly the other day - total garaged up rock 'n roll, like AC/DC messing up the Stooges and Radio Birdman and the Hellacopters and The Blues Explosion - thing is, they have that extra bit of X factor and caused an outbreak of big smiles and fists in the air when they opened for Reuben the other day. This is a righteously good rock n roll two tracker - it's out on 7" only and it totally utterly rocks. www.thed4.co.nz

RIDGEBACK demo "Suffocating" - More striped back, ripped to the bone blistering hatecore metal from Glasgow's rather nasty Ridgeback - raw and live and straight at you, this is real metal. Like we've said before, they're the antidote to all the over polished over hyped corporate polished soulless bullshit of things like Alien Ant Farm. They're on the blistering side of Raging Speedhorn, they make the Speedhorn sound like a vicar's tea party actually. It's a back to basics live raw sound, this is how production should be, you don't need slickness, you need reality, you need blistering bleeding raw reality - the best production of all time can be found on the first Sabbath album and that bass line of "Evil Woman". Ridgeback are doing it just right, we need bands like this, someone should have the vision to release a whole Ridgeback album recorded like this (Yeah, I know we should, every penny we have is tied up in the printing debt right now, support Organ and we'll do it, come on people, if you all subscribed to the next five issues, if all you bands we've supported so much were to take out Organs and sell them at your gigs then we could plough it all back in to releasing bands like Ridgeback - are you really satisfied with Kerrang and Metal Hammer and their obsessions with Papa Alien Roach Park - Support us so we can do more for you and your new favourite bands, I'd love to be able to release a raw blistering Ridgeback album, support us and we'll put all our money and time where are big mouths are). Ridgeback are one of the most committed bullshit free bands in the land, they deserve your attention Ridgeback, c/o Hog's Head, 62 South Clerk Street, Edinburgh, EH8 9PS. www.ridgebacktv.co.uk

So that was **ORGAN 74** - no doubt loads of you bands are pissed off with us for not reviewing your demo or CD or gig - we tried, we've got mountains of stuff here we simply couldn't fit in. We haven't been ignoring you, we don't operate like that - we simply don't have the space. We actually made the drastic move of dropping almost all the interviews (we figured the reviews were a little more important). We could have easily made this in to a hundred page Organ. Hey look, if it's not in here then it almost certainly up on our daily updates and always very busy website - WWW.ORGANART.COM. The plan is to go monthly in September, the plan now is to push this ORGAN thing as far as we can, we're starting to take this seriously now - give us your support and we'll give you everything we can. We need your support, we really do need you to subscribe, we really really do. ORGAN 75 will be out on JULY 1st, if all goes to plan then the first of the monthly ORGANS will happen on September 1st - are you with us? Or are you really satisfied with the mainstream press and the way they ignore 90% of what's really going on **SEE YOU NEXT TIME.....**

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EARTHTONE 9 - "Omega" (Copro) The final release from one of the most significant forward looking metal bands in the last ten years - three albums, two EPs, you really do need them all - this just maybe their finest release of all.



VICTORY STYLE 5 - 23 Songs, 12 Unreleased Tracks, Dirt cheap price! this is the bi-yearly compilation that blows all other label samplers out of the water for more info : www.victorystyle.com



RIGHT 4 LIFE "Off the beaten track" CD (The Age Of Venus Records) Long awaited new KILLER album!! Influenced by the original NYHC and some modern or melodic acts. The missing link between Mad Ball, Shelter and the Cro-Mags. Definitely one of the Hardcore records of the year... Let's update your Hardcore collection now !!



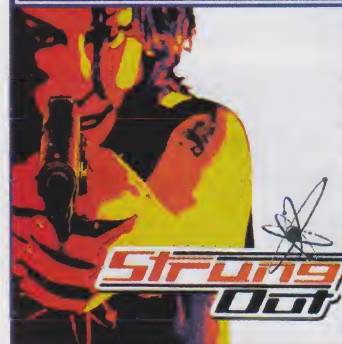
TAKE BACK SUNDAY - "Tell All Your Friends will rival any emo record to come out for some time" CHART MAGAZINE. For fans of Thursday, Jimmy Eat World and Saves The Day. (Victory Records)



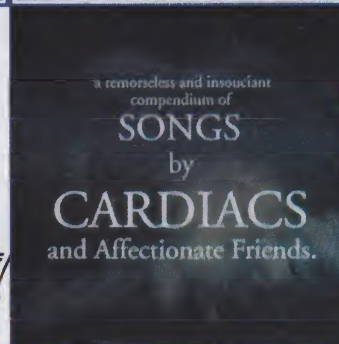
VACANT STARE - "VINDICATION" - The much anticipated debut album (on Copro) from one of the UK's very best bands, the reviews speak for themselves - a vital modern metal album that sees them pushing in to the big league.



V/A KDS Crew "Rise and Fall" (The Age Of Venus Records) This comp is historical. What you get here is simply the best songs that KDS bands ever wrote. Recorded exclusively for this. Check the line-up: AWOL/RIGHT 4 LIFE/SLAMFACE/STORMCORE (back in the studio)/UNDERGROUND SOCIETY + shitload of surprises for a total of 1 hour



STRUNG OUT - An American Paradox Love it or leave it, commie pinko! Strung Out's fourth album and there's no paradox about it...it rocks! What's a paradox? Fat Wreck



SONGS BY CARDIACS AND AFFECTIONATE FRIENDS - (ORG) A soothing album of the more relaxed side of Cardiacs and their family compiled by Tim Smith - More from ORG Records at www.organart.com



LITTLE GIANT DRUG "Prismcast" (ORG) - Massive slices of Ride/Kings X/Nickleback/Stained style rock "THEY PISS ALL OVER THE LIKES OF CREEED" 9/10 Metal Hammer - L.G.D feature Shane and Mitch from Napalm Death



COPTIC RAIN "THE LAST WORLD" (ORG) - "Beautifully rewarding intelligent forward looking girl fronted gothic industrial metal for My Ruin fans everywhere - don't let it pass you by" Kerrang

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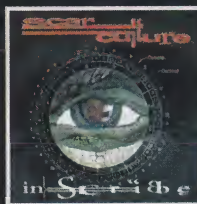
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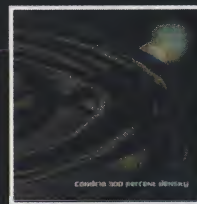
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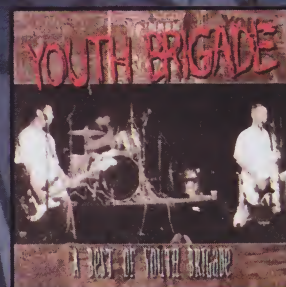
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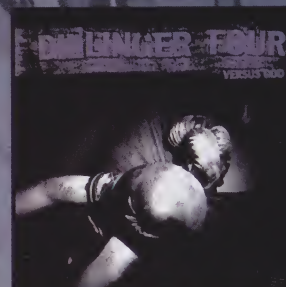
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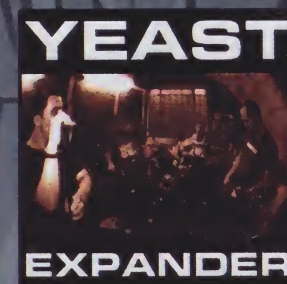
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